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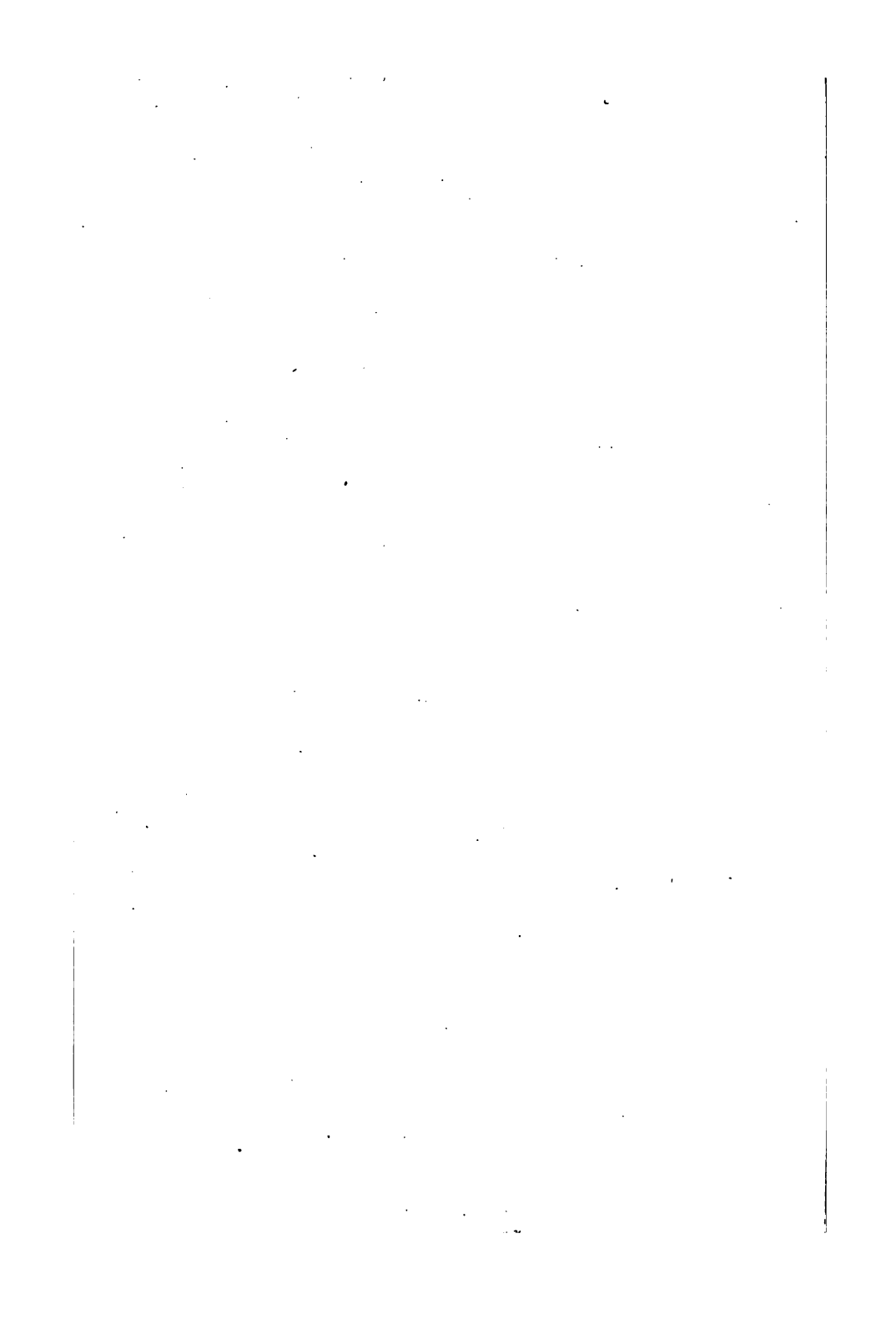
STRAY PAPERS



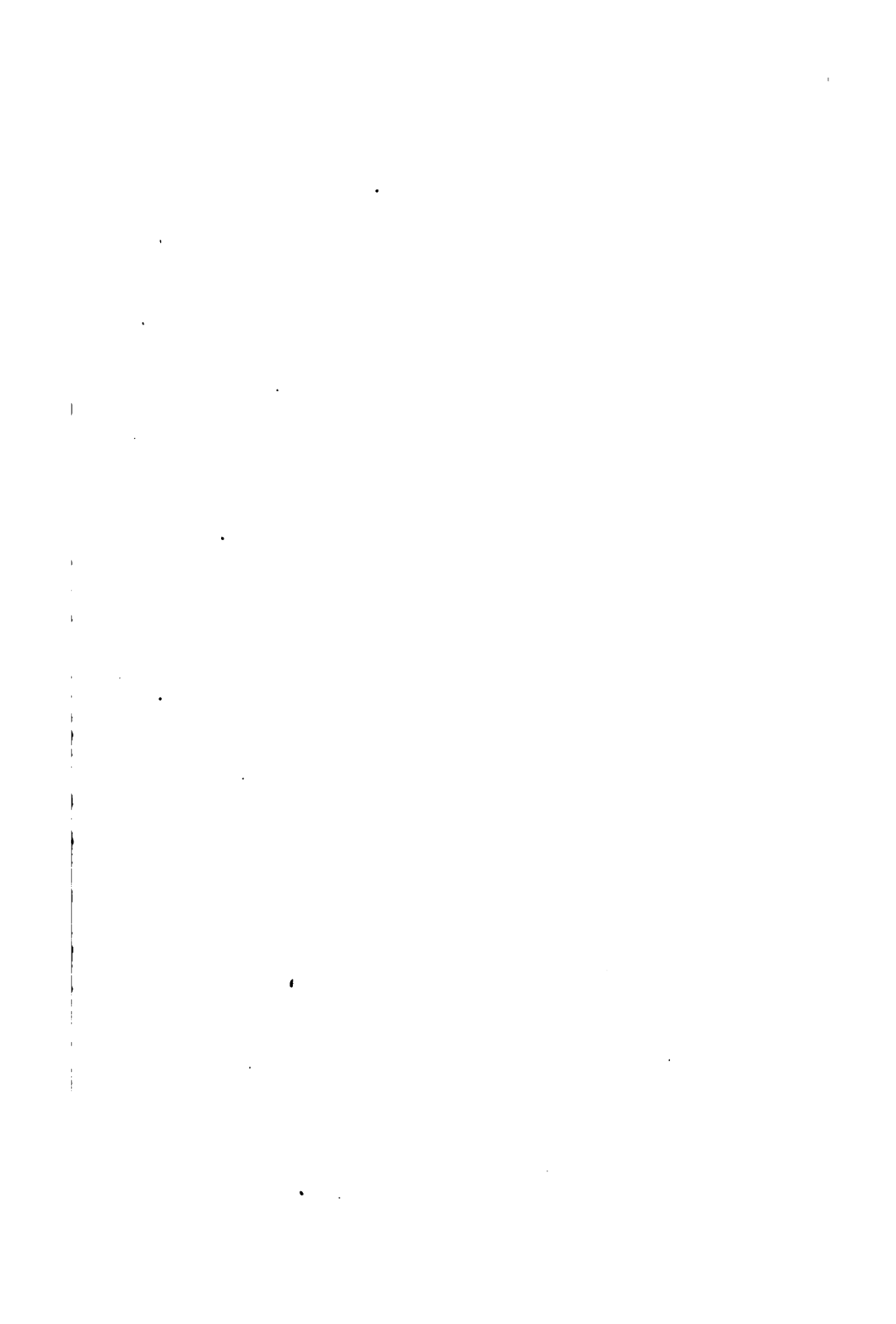


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STRAY PAPERS.



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BY

JOHN ORMSBY,

AUTHOR OF "AUTUMN RAMBLES IN NORTH AFRICA."



"VOLITANTIA JUNGERE CARMINA CURAT."



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THE ZOOLOGIST ABOUT TOWN.

THE ZOOLOGIST ABOUT TOWN.

IT is to be hoped that in a free country a man may call himself a zoologist if he likes, without being asked to prove that he knows anything at all about Zoology. Parallel cases might indeed be cited to show cause why such an indulgence should be granted, if it were worth while to dispute what must be a self-evident proposition to every one :—that a person may profess a science or practise an art successfully without knowing anything about it. There is no necessity for me therefore to apologize for my ignorance of the science just mentioned. It is not perhaps of the description known as crass, seeing that I am aware of the difference between a marsupial and a mackintosh, and really have some ideas about pachydermata, though I would prefer not to put them on paper for the inspection of a civil-service

examiner. Still, it is of the sort which men of popular science delight to attribute to that mystified individual "the general reader," who seems to be for ever blundering into every department of knowledge, and putting scientific writers to a world of trouble in the shape of notes and glossaries, and lists of technical terms.

The line of study to which I now propose calling attention does not render much accurate zoological research necessary ; nevertheless, it is not without its points of interest, and in this philo-molluscous age, when every one keeps an aquarium and pet periwinkles, and overturns boulders in search of "common objects," a little spare enthusiasm, if there is any to spare, may find something to do in contemplating the animal life of the streets. It has the merit too of being a comparatively untouched subject. No naturalist, that I am aware of, has described those creatures which I have at the present moment before me. I may observe that it is a determinedly wet day. The rain is coming down in a steady business-like way, as if it meant to do its work thoroughly without making any fuss about it : a well-regulated rain that is quite above disorderly rushes round corners, and idiotic dashes at lamp-posts, and such eccentricities. For once virtue has its reward, and all nature seems to have given in, and meekly resigned itself to be soaked, with scarcely

an effort at keeping dry. The policeman has abandoned his design of standing under the archway till it clears, and resumes his beat, fortified rather by the calmness of despair than by his oil-skin cape. The cabmen who drive by with bowed heads, have just enough energy left to chuck viciously at the reins, but not enough to swear. When umbrellas come into collision at corners, there is merely a subdued grunt instead of an altercation, and the bearers stump sadly away, attended by gaunt black reflections, which begin at the soles of their boots, and seem to descend through the glistening flags into the bowels of the earth. Only two beings, as far as I can see, are unconquered ; one is a specimen of the passer *Londinensis*, or dirty sparrow, who is struggling with a crust in the area, and, taking no thought for to-morrow's rheumatism, is allowing the soot to be washed out of his feathers with perfect unconcern. The other is his near relative, the puer *Londinensis*, or street boy, who rather glories in the rain, as it gives him a pretext for putting his basket helmet-wise upon his head, whereby his eyes are rendered useless, and he is compelled to run into the stomach of every passenger, thus furthering the great purpose of his existence, that of being a common nuisance.

Crouching in a doorway opposite is an object, and a miserable object, of natural history, which I am enabled,

after some examination, to identify. Treated scientifically, it should be thus described. Snout, elongated ; tail, abbreviated and depressed ; colour, whity-brown, and so on ; but such particulars would convey no idea of the creature. He has been no doubt all night about the streets in quest of cabbage-stumps, and other succulent gutter morsels, to fill that shrivelled receptacle which ought to be found somewhere about the thinnest part of his carcase. He is weary, therefore, and would fain sit down ; but kicks, cuffs, old kettles, and scalding water, have left the natural covering scarce on the hinder portions of his frame, and the wet door-step is cold and pitiless. So he crouches, neither sitting nor standing, but in a touchingly absurd attitude, with all four feet brought close together ; and as ever and anon the rain penetrates into his ears, he shakes his head in a way which, from this distance, makes him appear to be moralizing upon the Problem of Life. But he is not. Let the sun only come out bright and hot, and he will be off to bask on the nearest cinder heap, as happy and thoughtless as a Neapolitan beggar, or else, sensual dog, to see about a nice little dinner of turnip parings and fish-market refuse. The door against which he is leaning suddenly opens ; he loses his balance, and nearly falls back into the passage, but he does not lose his presence of mind. With an agility one would

never have expected from him, he is out into the road before foot can reach him, and this without an exclamation, either bark or yelp. Here his character comes out; his country cousin would have either caught the kick, or fled with a howling deprecation of it. But *he* knows well the relentless nature of the human boot, and though hopeless, is self-possessed and wary. How am I to recognise here an instance of the animal described by Goldsmith, a popular edition of whose "Animated Nature" I am weak enough to keep, and read, and like? "He is," says Goldsmith, "the most intelligent of all known quadrupeds, and the acknowledged friend of man. Independently of his beauty, force, and vivacity, he has the internal qualifications that can conciliate affection and convert a tyrant into a friend." Has he? From puppyhood upward he has been the object of unceasing tyranny. As to friends, he "never had but one," and that was the man who tried to drown him at an early age in the Regent's Canal. About his "force," I know nothing, but his vivacity is only displayed in getting out of the way of cabs; and as to his beauty, if he were a building I would admire him as a specimen of pointed Gothic, but as he is a dog, and a miserably angular one, I do not see it.

A little way down the street is a cab-stand; and as I

look at the row of quadrupeds there exhibited, it appears to me they might as well be plesiosaurs at once, for any connection they have with the doctrinal horse we have been taught to believe in. The horse, we are told, is spirited as well as docile, and we are called upon to admire the elegance of his shape and the grace of all his movements. As I am searching for some trace of these qualities, a Hansom comes up behind a steed with that remarkable circular action which reminds one of round-hand bowling. The driver descends, and after adjusting the nosebag, a courtesy which the horse acknowledges by laying back his ears and making a well-defined attempt at a bite, he joins the other drivers at the public opposite, where, however, as becomes an aristocrat, he has "a three" of pale brandy to their gin. Meantime a change has come over the horse. He is a dark chestnut, a well-bred colour, and much affected by Hansoms on account of its gentility, and has the remains of certain showy points about him. Although his action has become rather scrambling from street work, he came up gallantly and with considerable display of spirit, holding his head high in air, so high indeed that forehead, neck, and back almost took the form of the letter Z. But now the neck droops and the nose points to mother pavement; the ears lop outwards like a fancy rabbit's, and he stands

knuckling over, his tail and knees shaking, and his legs tucked as much as possible under his carcase, as if he wanted to keep his feet dry, or was meditating one of those acrobatic feats which high-trained steeds at circuses perform. As contrasted with his former sprightliness, his present aspect is certainly woebegone; and yet, what seem to be the signs of dejection are in reality only the indications of a happiness as nearly perfect as his circumstances admit of. Here is one radical difference between the animal life of the town and that of the country. Your country animal expresses his happiness by skipping, frisking, or some active exhibition of contentment: the town animal by total inaction—his life is in the main a struggle, a “fitful fever,” the curse of the city, is upon him, and restlessness is his lot. His only pleasure is a state of absolute quiescence, and he enjoys existence most when to all appearance most joyless.

I remember a striking proof of this. When Claud Scumble was at work on his picture of the “Forest of Arden,” we used to drive frequently into the more accessible forest of Epping, where he studied. One day, while he was getting in his bark and moss nicely, it occurred to me to try an experiment upon the old cab horse that had taken us down. There was hard by a green patch of soft spring grass, to which, with some

difficulty, I persuaded the driver to lead him. "He won't run : tain't that," said 3004 in explanation, "but it's interdoosin him to bad 'abits." However, a pact relative to beer on the road home removed at once these moral scruples and the horse's harness, and the animal stood free to roll or graze or disport himself as he thought fit. At first he seemed to have doubts as to our intentions, and looked round once or twice in an imploring way, as much as to say, "I'm used to thrashing, but I can't understand this : don't play any practical jokes, please." But as soon as he comprehended the state of the case, instead of beginning to eat the kindly herbage, he deliberately deposited his wayworn, battered old body gratefully upon it, stretched out the gaunt head and shaky legs, closed the poor wall eyes, and heaved a snorting sigh of equine bliss. The grass was succulent, and no doubt would have been ambrosia to his unpampered palate ; but what was food to him as compared with such a luxury as rest and peace? And there he lay "long and lank and brown," and showing a greater development of rib than all the seasands from Margate to Penzance taken together, until Scumble cleaned his brushes and packed up his traps, and then how the thankful old beast did rattle us back into town. Peace be with thee, thou bony one, wherever thou art—thou

canst appreciate the full value of the blessing. It is owing to this idiosyncrasy that the animal I am speaking of, the *Equus Kebabuse*, displays such an alacrity in falling. The Hansom horse is not inordinately given to this indulgence ; the shafts of the vehicle he draws are not convenient for performing the feat in, being apt to poke him awkwardly in the neck as he goes down. Besides which he is generally stouter on his legs and less in need of refreshment than the four-wheeler, whose greatest treat, and indeed chief object in life, is the achievement of a tumble on a soft bit of wood-pavement, where, if an old hoof at the work, he will lie placidly until the last buckle of the harness is undone, and then resume his journey very much the better for the doze he has had. The omnibus-horse is a much less interesting quadruped. He may have a good deal of character, but he has little or no opportunities of showing it ; and then his is a monotonous respectable life compared with that of his Bohemian brother of the cab. With those "fat and greasy citizens," the big burly dray-horses, that go sliding about on their great pattens of hoofs, I have no sympathy whatever. They seem to me the types of vulgar prosperity ; but your cab-horse was a gentleman once, and has seen better days.

- He is an instance of man's drudge. For man's victim

we may take the street-dog, I am at present acquainted with a dog whose biography shows what strange vicissitudes dog-flesh is heir to in a large city. Born of humble but respectable parents, he first saw the light (nine days afterwards) in a mews near Oxford Street. His father was a cross between a pointer and a Skye terrier ; his mother was a poodle, at least she was shaved like one, and belonged to a livery-stable keeper, in whose loft the subject of this memoir surreptitiously passed the first weeks of his existence. On being discovered he was ordered for execution, but was rescued from an untimely grave by the children of a neighbouring coal-and-potato-store man, in whose family he resided some time, and lost his tail. The injury is attributed to his having been compelled by the children of his entertainer to draw a miniature coal-waggon, attached by a piece of string to the ornament in question. A local affection was the result, and amputation was found to be unavoidable. Of his youth we have but little further record ; but in early doghood we find him in the possession of a potboy in Gray's Inn Lane, who cut his ears and called him a "tarrier." Experience, however, had not as yet taught him the value of a respectable name, and he made no effort to sustain the character thus proposed to him. There is reason to believe, also, that at this period he

fell into bad company, and contracted unfortunate habits. He was frequently ejected yelping from public-houses, and more than once came under the notice of the police. About this time he made his first appearance in public life, having attended Epsom with his master, and run as the Derby dog in Kingcraft's year. He was young and giddy then ; he would not run now though the whole city of London were to hoot him, and any policeman might walk up to him and carry him off in triumph, a dangling mass of abject dog. Seduced by the attractions of the green lanes of Surrey, he separated from his proprietor upon the course, and for a time is supposed to have devoted himself to a country life. To a creature of impulse such a life must ever prove insipid ; and we are not surprised to hear of him soon afterwards, again "in among the throngs of men," this time in the southern portion of the metropolis. The subject of strychnia was then attracting a good deal of attention, and an offer of bullock's liver was the means of enlisting him in the cause of Science, and inducing him to co-operate with two enthusiastic students of Guy's in a research upon the action of this poison. From some unexplained cause the expected result was not obtained ; his confederates therefore bled him, took up one or two unimportant arteries, couched him for an imaginary cataract, and,

an interesting compound fracture coming in, dispensed with his further services. Once more upon the streets, ambition—or it may be weariness of an unsettled life—took possession of him ; and no doubt, prompted by the emaciation he had already attained, he attempted to starve himself into a greyhound. Failing in this, he accepted a temporary situation as pointer and retriever under a sporting pawnbroker's assistant, and went to Wimbledon one holiday on a shooting expedition ; but unfortunately the only game he had ever seen in his life was a Welsh rabbit, and he was dismissed as incompetent. This was his last effort at respectability. He lapsed into utter vagabondage, and has been leading a wretched from paw-to-muzzle sort of life ever since. In the daytime he hangs about the markets, and lounges near the cat's-meat shops. At night, or rather in the morning, in the hours which intervene between the departure of the late potato-can and the advent of the early coffee-stall, he may be seen prowling along the silent streets, nuzzling in the gutter, sniffing at gratings, or sponging upon some benevolent passenger for a bed and a meal. Give him the slightest encouragement and he will follow you home to St. John's-wood, to Clapham, to Hoxton, anywhere. He is not proud, and it takes a good deal to affront him. You may turn round and

stamp, and charge him with your umbrella: he will retreat, certainly, but he will stick to you; and if you do not yield to his importunity and take him in, you will find him at your door in the morning, wagging his stump of a tail, and disgracing you before your neighbours by his disreputable appearance. But deal gently with him: if you are not inclined to board and lodge him, at least pity, and do not kick him. He is more sinned against than sinning.

At any rate, shabby sycophant as he is, to my mind he is a more estimable character than the sly old hypocrite you may see any fine day in the area, sunning himself either in the kitchen window or on the lid of the water-butt. A sleek old Tartuffe, who fixes his great green eyes upon you with an expression of defiant virtue, as though he said, "Yes, look at me, young man; you won't find anything wrong here: I am a moral animal, and a model of domestic propriety." The humbug! Returning home somewhere among the small hours, having been sitting up with a sick friend, perhaps; what time the lamps begin to look dim and the streets preternaturally long and clean; when you can hear the rumble of some belated cab two miles away, and the echo of your own footsteps makes you fancy every now and then that some one is following you; about this period of the twenty-

four hours you are pretty sure to see stealing across the road something that looks like a small blue shadow, and inspires you with an almost irresistible impulse to start madly in chase. You refrain, however, on perceiving a tall figure with a glazed hat, and a lanthorn set in its stomach, observing you from the opposite side of the way, and you proceed without any undignified exposure. The shadow is your moral friend of the area going home; your pattern of propriety; your domestic animal, as Goldsmith calls him. Domestic, forsooth! Why, there is not a greater old scamp in the whole natural history! And yet to-morrow he will be looking as bland and virtuous as if he had gone to bed at ten after coming back from Exeter-hall; and the ladies, bless them! will pet him, as they always do a scamp, if he is something of a hypocrite also. I confess it gives me sincere pleasure to see with what contempt the sparrows treat him and his deeply laid plans for their capture. Sometimes he will go solemnly into ambush and wait for them, at others he will go through all the forms of stalking a covey *secundum artem*. But the result is always the same: while he is in the act of making a most scientific spring, they are sure to fly away and perch on the wall over him, where they nearly split their sides twittering at him.

That variety of the species, the lodging-house cat (*Felis felo*), cannot, of course, claim a place in a strictly scientific treatise like the present. It is to this animal Sir Thomas Browne alludes in his "Vulgar Errors," when he says, "That cats do open cupboards and devour the tea and sugar therein deposited, is an assertion which, though not incontrovertible, yet hath a certain adumbration of the truth. Lemprierius asserts that Diomedes his mares fed upon human flesh,—an aliment not more at variance with their nature than is tea dissonant with the natural stomach of the cat. But as touching the verisimilitude of this relation, a reason there is which seemeth to overthrow it; for there are none to be found who have witnessed the fact, save landladies only. Covetousness breedeth errors. Avarice multiplieth fallacies. Truth lieth at the bottom of a well, and self-interest is but a leaky bucket to draw it withal."

A most interesting branch of street zoology lies in the study of those animals which occupy a sort of intermediate position between the drudges and the victims. I mean the class which includes the barrel-organ monkey, the tenants of the "happy family" cage, the inhabitants of the aquarium, the rabbits, pigeons, and bantams in St. Andrew's-street, St. Giles's; in short, all those creatures which "fancy" or science dooms to penal servitude. At

the head of these, of course, in right of his near relationship to man, comes the monkey. Considered as a citizen, he occupies two positions in society. He is to be met with as the professional monkey who performs on the top of a barrel-organ or on a round table, and also as the monkey *pur et simple*, the member of a happy family and the most miserable brute in creation. In the latter capacity he is altogether out of his element, and it is only owing to his being reduced in circumstances or shaken in intellect that he is ever found in a position which affords no better field for his talents than nursing the albino rat, or pursuing entomological inquiries in his own or the dog's tail. But although that form of inquisitiveness which is called popular science may sometimes degrade him to the rank of a "common object," he was born a satirist. This is the monkey's natural mission, and the end for which he submits to education and the acquirements of sundry accomplishments. When he dances a melancholy *cavalier seul* to "Old Dog Tray," when he holds out his cap for a halfpenny, and receives the gift with a vicious grin, when he converts the soothing hand-bell into a weapon of offence against the nearest ragged boy, when he suffers his tail to dangle below his tartan petticoat (type of animal propensities breaking out through the trappings of civilization); in all this he is

merely saying, "Am I not a man and a brother?" Hence the bitter contempt which many affect to feel for this our fellow-creature. I wonder whether it is the practice among the Houyhnhnms to lead about a comic Shetland pony; and if so, whether it is ever maintained that he is not a horse? The consideration, however, of the characteristics of this individual belongs more properly to the philosophy of the human mind than to zoology, and therefore, although I do not pretend to scientific accuracy, I shall turn to more legitimate subjects of study.

The Happy Family is an institution which, on the whole, it is difficult to regard with a favourable eye. No doubt it tends to familiarize the public with sundry natural objects; but it also produces that feeling which is proverbially the concomitant of familiarity. I have already mentioned a case in which its influence is pernicious; though perhaps there may be a wholesome humbling lesson in the exhibition of a fatuous monkey. But how is it possible to feel anything but contempt for a magpie who will not steal one of the young guinea-pigs; and how are we to respect a hawk who allows himself to be jostled on his perch by a decrepid old fantail pigeon? There is only one animal the contemplation of which in a Happy Family gives me any pleasure, and that is the cat. There is something very gratifying in the air of

mock resignation which that arch-deceiver puts on, and in his affected renunciation of former worldly propensities, when the white mice crawl over him.

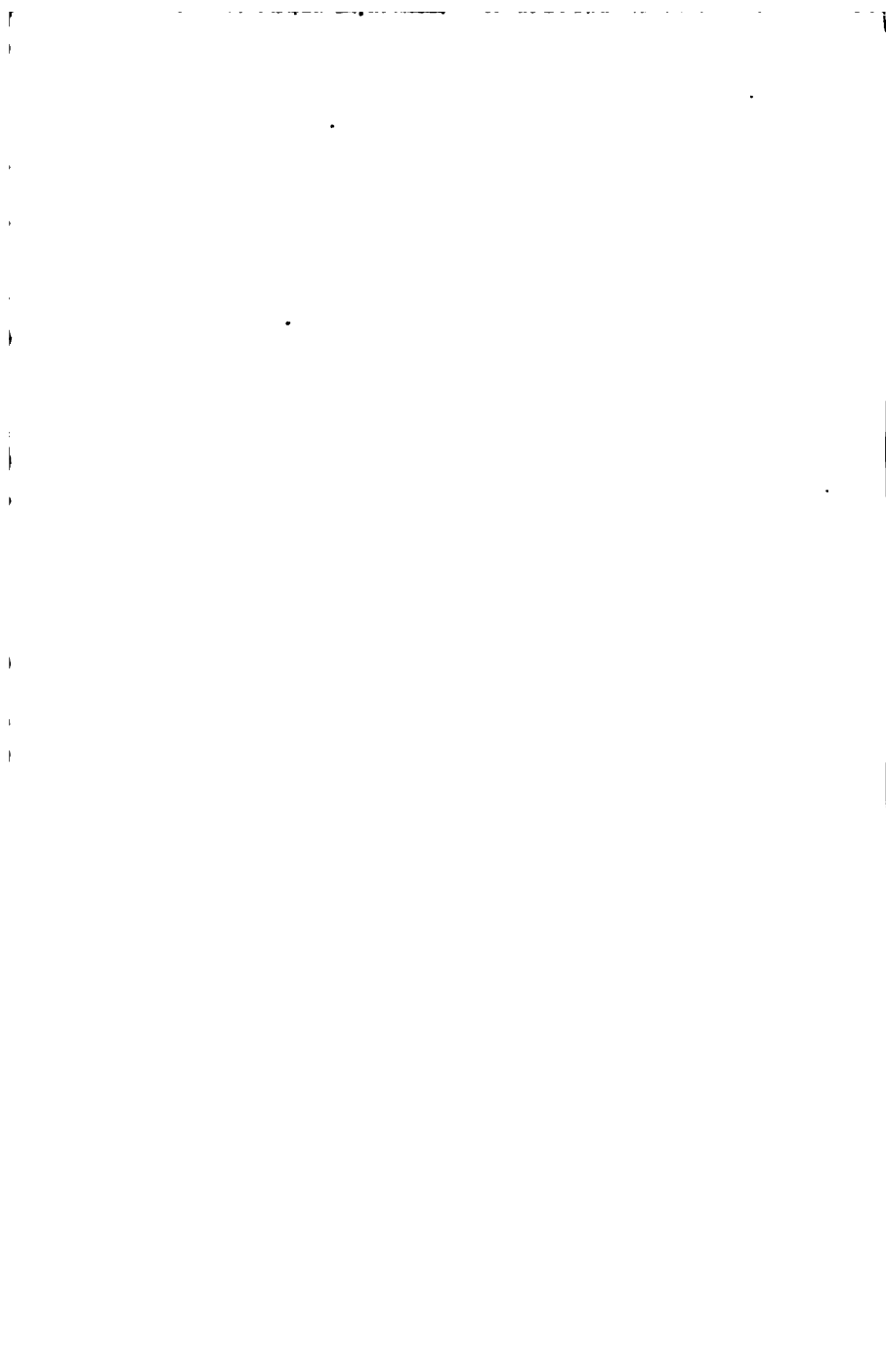
Also objectionable, but in a less degree, is the aquarium. I have nothing to urge against the aquarium properly established and honestly supplied; but I do think that the persons who sell those plate-glass penitentiaries, ready stocked, should receive no encouragement. They pander to scientific dilettanteism because it is fashionable, and defeat the chief object of such things. The aquarium keeper should take a hint from Mrs. Glasse. His motto should be, "First catch your polyp." Unless you have hunted for your animals in their native haunts, and acquired some knowledge of their habits in their natural state, there is little merit in possessing a glass tank with things like half-sucked lollipops stuck to it, and a few miserable fish all day bumping their noses against the sides. And after all, what is learned about the real life of the captives? Suppose a scientific porpoise or a dilettante dolphin were to come ashore and collect specimens for a vivarium he was setting up in some sea-cave, what sort of ideas would he be likely to gather from watching the proceedings of his representative men? Mr. Mackonochie and the Great Vance would be very likely seen huddled up in a corner, trying to keep

each other warm. Mr. Toole would be perpetually hunting Sir Wilfrid Lawson about, under the impression that his Permissive Bill was a paper of sandwiches; while Captain Boyton and M. Victor Hugo, having nothing else to do, and being very hungry, would engage in deadly combat for the pound of sausages which the marine philosopher considered to be their natural food, and had procured regardless of expense. Something might be said, too, about the cruelty of these instructive toys; for the name of Science is like that of Liberty in this respect. I remember one flagrant glass case in which an unfortunate frog, having no rest for the sole of his foot, was doomed to swim round and round for ever. Sometimes, it is true, he used to halt, and planting his outstretched arms against the slippery wall of his prison, stare imploringly into the street, as if in hopes that some humane passer-by would drive his umbrella into the concern; but an energetic perch or a wrongheaded gold-fish was always sure to swim against him, and the poor wretch had nothing for it but to "again urge on his wild career."

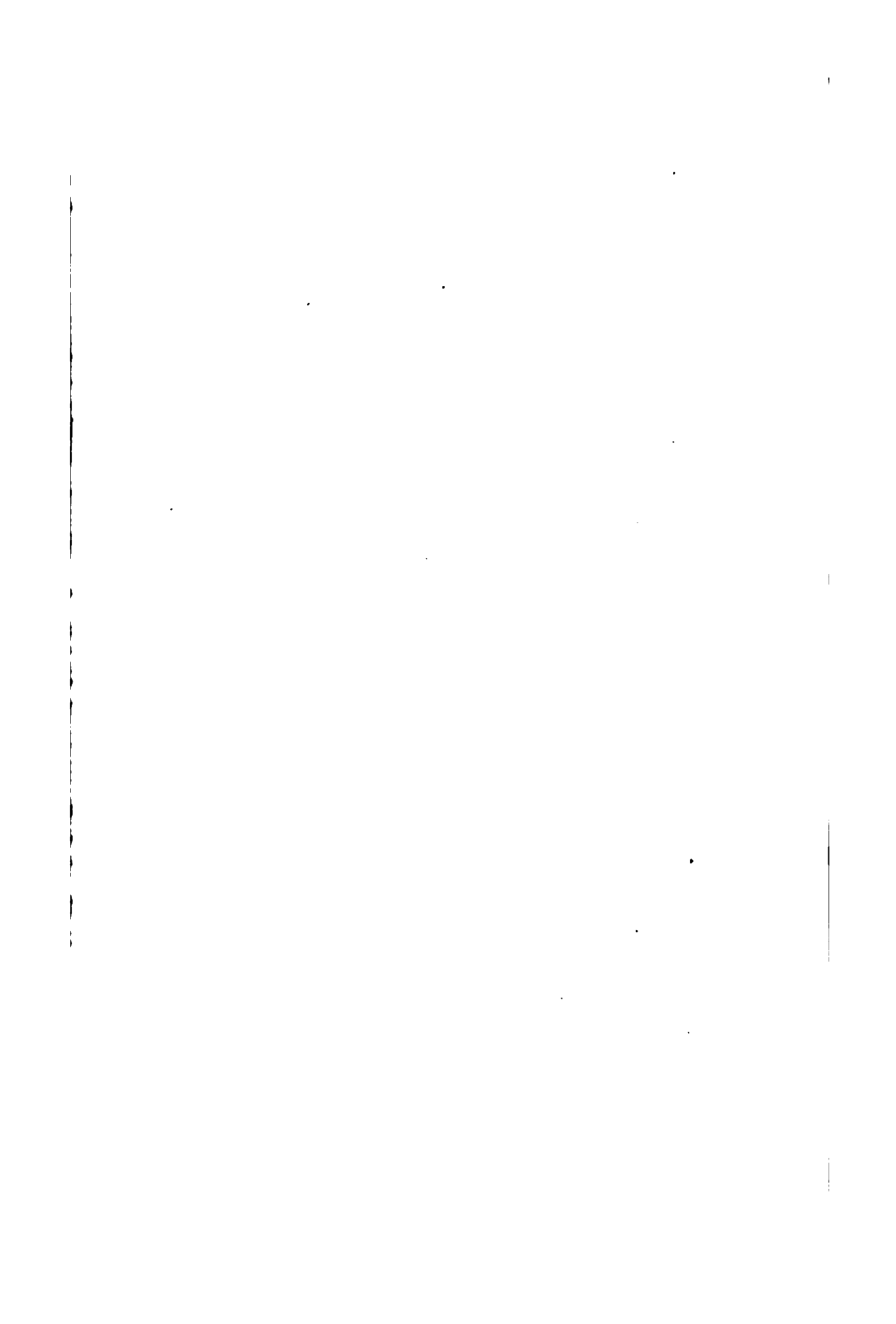
The sporting and fancy animals, the bull-dogs, terriers, pigeons, rabbits, bullfinches, etc., of London, form a separate study in themselves: it would be impossible to do justice to them as a portion of the zoology of the streets. I may be permitted, however, to say something

about a branch of natural history which, though not strictly coming under the head of zoology, is not altogether out of place here : I mean vegetable life in town. The evidences of a bewildered, struggling existence are here just as palpable as in the town animal. Who is there that, in making a short cut through some of the city lanes, has never come on a puzzled-looking stunted tree, that seems to have lost its way, and to be doing all sorts of wild things with its arms, in despair of ever getting out of the labyrinth of houses it has wandered into? Such a one I know, and have watched for several years. It protrudes through the flags of a court about ten feet by twelve. Just under it is the establishment where a savage Review is printed ; and through the quiet night the great steam press shakes the houses all round as it gnashes its teeth and gnaws the bones of poor young poets. The other sides are occupied by boot-closers, bookbinders, turners, and other professors of trades only to be found up courts. Many are the bell-pulls : numerous the cages of songless larks ; and the shirts and stockings, which hang out of the windows. Up through these, forces its way an elm, which I can describe by no other epithet than "daft." Hard times and want of air seem to have reduced it to a state of imbecility. All through the spring and far into the summer, it stands

inert, poking its bare limbs about idiotically, until some stray Zephyr comes over the roofs, and whispers to it that summer is here, and all the other trees have been out months before ; and then the poor thing, in its haste to be in time, breaks out into a perspiration of green buds. But an early frost or a violent soot-shower generally checks its ardour, and before long it stands once more an emblem of that vitality under difficulties, called life in town.



WHERE FANCY IS BRED.



WHERE FANCY IS BRED.

“Things divorced in Nature are married in Phancie.”—FULLER.

WHENE’ER I take my walks abroad, I observe in myself a proclivity towards back streets, which, for the want of some better explanation, I am inclined to attribute to the existence, in a rudimentary form, of that thirst for adventure, for discovery, for knowledge, which has sent forth a Cameron, a Du Chaillu, a Burton, or a Livingstone, upon their more extended wanderings. It is not, as I am now well aware, to be ascribed to any desire to save time by making a short cut. I have long since got over that delusion. Nor, I take leave to state, is it owing to any possible embarrassment at meeting those with whom I may happen to be involved in commercial relations. It is the spirit of inquiry, pure and simple, though working under difficulties. One half the world knows not how the other lives. Herein lies the

problem which lures us on ; Cameron by the way of the Lualaba, Du Chaillu up the Gaboon river, me in my humble way down the back street. Thus we work, each of us in his own way, towards the solution of the mystery ; and penetrate, each by his peculiar road, into the recesses of that other half. They, in waggons or canoes, through jungles tenanted by gorillas, or up rivers haunted by hippopotami. I, in india-rubber over-shoes and with an umbrella, through entries guarded by posts polished by the corduroys of the youthful gymnast, or up flights of steps on which the children play in fine weather, and down which cascades of babies tumble during maternal absences. By these and similar approaches I push on into regions inhabited by tribes less picturesque, perhaps, than those described by my fellow-labourers, but not wholly uninteresting. They have not that quaint habit of eating one another which obtains among some of M. du Chaillu's friends, preferring, my observation leads me to believe, fried fish and ginger beer. Nor have they that inordinate love for scarlet beads, which Capt. Burton found so convenient on his journeys. I do not suppose you could get a pint of beer for a sackful ; so completely have the politico-economical views of neighbouring States been adopted. Though not absolutely a peace-loving race, they do not carry on wars of extermination among

themselves. Nevertheless, they are not without a certain admiration for warlike deeds from a theoretical and dramatic point of view, as is evidenced by the popularity of the portraits of Mr. Roper, in his character of Dando the Dauntless, with fat black leeches (the local type for blood) hanging from the point of his sword. They speak a language, not made up of clicks and grunts, certainly, but still far simpler in construction and more monosyllabic in character than most members of the Indo-European family. Their form of government is not that combination of the patriarchal and despotic which seems to prevail in Central Africa. It approaches more nearly to an oligarchy, tempered by the policeman. Their politics are therefore necessarily of a simple character. Occasionally, signs of what is elsewhere called a "question," are manifest in the appearance of small bills, calling on the ratepayers of St. Vitus to resist a purse-proud faction, and rally round Mr. Mudge and the sevenpence-three-farthings motion. Sometimes, when the storm of parties is raging in adjacent realms, a ripple from the troubled waters beyond will roll in upon the tranquil coves, in the shape of a poster commanding all men to plump for Prodgers; or a cast-away cab, bearing an announcement of the last state of the poll, having failed to weather some neighbouring headland, will run aground opposite a public

house. But the effect is transient, and in the main the natives care little who gets in or who does not; and feel much less interest in the news that the ministry has fallen, than in the statement that bread is down to two-pence again.

But it is not of the people that I propose at present to treat. Admitting that the noblest study of mankind is man, I have nevertheless observed, as every conscientious explorer will do, the geology, botany, and zoology of the regions which it has been my fortune to traverse, in the hope of contributing, according to my lights, to the general stock of information. For the present I shall confine myself to the last of these subjects, or rather to a branch of it. In the course of my travels through the Other Half I have, I may say without vanity, studied its zoology with considerable care, and noted the divergences from, and agreements with, the types recognised as characteristic of the animal life of better known regions. The more familiar quadrupeds are represented for the most part with but little variation in structure or habit. The horse, appearing rather as an exotic than a denizen, has been very slightly modified by surrounding influences. The ass, unquestionably a native, appears to be more pachydermatous than in other climes, and also to have the peculiarity of backing into doorways and refusing to

come up. This, however, may be attributed to local causes and a cartful of vegetables ; and at any rate is not sufficient to stamp it as a variety, much less a distinct species. The dog—that is, the *Canis familiaris* of Goldsmith—is remarkable chiefly for a deficiency of ear, tail, and sociability. He is not the friend and companion of man in these parts. As he belongs to no one in particular, Melancholy has marked him for her own, and he lives as best he can on cabbage stumps, old shoes, and the sense of his injuries. The cat is not that emblem of purring content and matronly neatness we are accustomed to consider her. She is a shrew in character, and a slattern in appearance, and furthermore is distinguished from other members of the cat-tribe by ferruginous patches distributed irregularly over the body, and to be accounted for, according to local naturalists, by her strange habit of sleeping on a gridiron, to remedy a natural insufficiency of vital heat. The kitten, elsewhere proverbially playful, has here, it is to be feared, exchanged the tricks of youth for the vices of maturity, walking with an uncertain and staggering gait, suggestive of confirmed intemperance ; and, if sportively pursued (in the native dialect “chivied”), getting into a corner, and swearing with a precocity which makes one doubt the influence of city missions and ragged schools.

Such slight differences as those I have here mentioned do not entitle a country to a separate classification of its fauna. The claims of these regions to the attention of the zoologist rest chiefly upon the existence of a distinct series of animals, allied, no doubt, with genera existing in other parts of the globe, but here united into a group by the possession of certain common characteristics. To any one who has studied the geographical distribution of animals, such a phenomenon will not appear strange. It presents itself in the animal life of America, of Australia, in fact of any portion of the earth's surface where natural barriers have produced an isolation more or less perfect. In the districts of the Other Half through which I have travelled, I have frequently noticed the existence of a class of animals quite as strongly marked as the marsupials of Australia or the pachyderms of the New World, and in my humble opinion quite as interesting. This class the inhabitants invariably designate by the native word "Fancy;" but no scientific name, as far as I am aware, has ever been assigned to it. Indeed, I am unable to find any mention of it whatever in the works of any zoologist that I have consulted. The backward state of geographical discovery in Cuvier's time may perhaps explain his ignorance of animals whose habitat lies so much out of the route of the ordinary traveller;

but that a naturalist of such research as Professor Owen should be silent respecting so interesting a group of creatures, is to me a matter of some surprise. Darwin, it is true, refers to certain members of it in one or two instances, but he does not appear to suspect its existence as a distinct class; or perhaps, entertaining such a suspicion, he was deterred, by the difficulties and dangers which attended his preliminary investigations, from penetrating into the regions where alone he could have reduced it to certainty.

My attention was first drawn to the subject in the following manner. In my walks to and from the establishment of a certain serious publisher with whom I have for some time had a literary connection (and I may say with honest pride that my little tracts in assorted packets, at thirteence the gross, are considered by the trade to be as good an article as ever was offered at the price), I have been frequently obliged to take refreshment upon the way. After all it *is* dry work, composing or discussing the kind of literature I have mentioned, and it would cause me lasting remorse if I thought that any of the excellent young men engaged upon it were regarded with the eye of suspicion by their employers in consequence of these disclosures of mine. The establishment I refer to is situated in a great and fashionable thorough-

fare, and within two doors of the gorgeous emporium for plate, jewellery, and articles of *vertu* known as Bright and Nickelson's. Beside this latter there opens a narrow flagged passage, which would escape the notice of any one who had not a fine genius for exploration and discovery. And yet this obscure alley has contributed largely to the fortunes of the house of Bright and Nickelson, for in it is a door—not, of course, decorated with gilt balls or “money lent,”—they are above that—but an unpretending, decorous door, through which, if report says true, far more of the wealth of Bright and Nickelson has entered than by the nobler portal round the corner. Following this passage, the roar of the chariots and omnibuses of the proud ones falling fainter and fainter upon the ear, you emerge upon the pleasant calm of Little Primrose Street. Here, I need scarcely say, you are within the boundaries of the Other Half. The costumes, scenery, natural productions, are all indicative of the fact that you have passed to another chapter in the book of life—a well-thumbed and dog-eared page, of a very different type from that of the smooth, hot-pressed sheet you have been perusing. It is a country abounding in bell-buttohs, and where curious trades and professions are carried on at great altitudes; a country of strange alliances, where coals and potatoes are always offered by the same purveyor, possibly

because, being sold by the pound, the same weights and scales do for both ; a country where things long since submerged by the tide of fashion in the One Half, come up to the surface like old wrecks in the Maelstrom ; where the furniture shops are crammed with bandy-legged tables, sturdy, square-built, chintz-covered sofas, and oval looking-glasses full of ghastly reflections ; where clothiers exhibit whole ranges of trousers with permanent straps and every description of pocket worn forty years ago, and boot and shoe dealers hang out festoons of warped and knobby Wellingtons, hinting at that variety in human character and corns which a museum of old Wellington boots will always suggest to a reflective mind. But even if surrounding objects did not tell you where you were, the name of the street alone would be a sufficient intimation. It is eminently characteristic of the denizens of the Other Half. Poor nurslings of the city ! whatever Falstaff may have done, they at least "babble of green fields," and in defiance of smoke and grime and brick affect a rural nomenclature for their abodes ; an artifice much derided by the scornful, but inspiring me with that sort of tender respect I have for Beau Tibbs and Captain Jackson, and all great masters of the art of putting the best face on things. If names could do it, banks "whereon the wild thyme blows," would

be as common as bunches of rhubarb, and nymphs and dryads the regular first-floor lodgers in Little Primrose Street. Parks, gardens, and groves abound in its immediate neighbourhood. A short way down it is intersected by Jones's Gardens—the great centre of the rag and bottle trade. Then comes Bolton Park, opposite to which is Grimstone Grove, celebrated in the annals of the adjoining police-court in connection with wife-beating, that art having there attained high perfection. The entrance to this shady retreat is made imposing by a board which says, "To the Grimstone Grove Independent Chapel," but, in its desire for independence, the chapel itself has retired out of sight, leaving its existence to be inferred from the occasional sough of a windy hymn which comes floating down upon the breeze to mingle with the minstrelsy of Little Primrose Street. A little beyond this the street is split into two by a wedge of houses, the small end of which is represented by the popular caravansary, "The Old Artichoke revived." Inferentially, the Old Artichoke would seem to have been a most deplorable vegetable; if not, either the revival was but a partial success, or else a relapse must have taken place. Nevertheless, the hostelry had its attractions for me. Circumstanced as I was, with the proof sheets of—let us say—" *All the Way for 4d.; or, a Cheap Ride for*

a Poor Sinner," for distribution in omnibuses, in my pocket, could I—I put it to the candid reader—go to an unregenerate Verrey's or Farrance's for ices or lemonade when the heat of a July sun and the nature of my avocations rendered some form of refreshment a necessity to me? Would not the finger of scorn have been raised against me had I been detected in coming out of one of those haunts of the World? Whereas, if I accepted the humbler hospitality of the Artichoke, nobody was a whit the wiser, and I gave no opportunity to the scoffer and the light-minded. And then there are special fascinations about the Artichoke. The Old Artichoke is what is called a sporting house. Its landlord is a gentleman much respected by sportsmen for the determined manner in which he fought a draw with Josey Budd of Bermondsey (the Tanner), in the year '52. Shortly after that event he retired from the active duties of his profession, and, aided by some kind friends and a public-spirited brewer, who advanced money on mortgage of the premises, he took all that desirable property known as the Old Artichoke, in Little Primrose Street. There, by industry and strict attention to business, he has acquired and maintained the character of an affable host, a judicious second, and a skilful trainer. It was he who was, humanly speaking, the

means of introducing to the scientific world that star, Codger Davis, who died prematurely in King's College Hospital,—just after he had been matched with the Chelsea Tadpole,—very much regretted by all who had backed him. Latterly, mine host has declined such ventures, contenting himself with taking the chair at an occasional harmonic meeting, where he is “faced” by some other eminent man, and sometimes obliges the company with a chant out of his select repertory. But his ear is ever open to the call of charity: in him the widow and the orphan—if they are in any way connected with Science—have a firm friend; and in spite of his years and obesity, he will even now, to use his own playful expression, “put on the mittens at the benefit of a brother pug.” At present he chiefly devotes his energies to the encouragement of another branch of the Fancy. The direction of his tastes may be inferred from the works of art which adorn his hospitable bar. The most remarkable is a glass-case, containing what purports to be a stuffed terrier, but of such proportions and dimensions that, do what I may, I cannot bring myself to believe in it. As a pendant to this, there is a picture of Mr. Mack's celebrated dog Jem, killing a rat in front of Windsor Castle, a delicate intimation on the part of the artist that the animal in question was ready to perform that feat,

if called upon, even in the presence of royalty. A living emblem of devotion to the same cause is present in the person of a most ill-favoured and dejected bull-dog, who is chained to one of the beer-engines, and sits blinking at the gas-stove, and wishing in his heart that he was free to take society by the throat. There is an inner court, or sanctuary, decorated in the same taste, except that the portraits of distinguished characters there exhibited are not exclusively canine: a chamber full of sporting associations. The champion of England has been there; Mr. Scratchley, the owner of Rhadamanthus, has been there; and many a little match, in one department or another, upon which vast sums depended, has been made up at those battered mahogany tables.

These objects, however, are merely displayed as indications of the æsthetic leanings of mine host and his private friends. To promote the interests of science and the spread of knowledge, he has in the most generous manner given up his extensive concert-room upstairs for the purposes of a dog show which is held there once a week. This will account for the occasional apparition in the neighbourhood of a young man leading a minacious-looking dog, both evidently on pleasure bent, and in other respects—as, for instance, having each a black patch round the left eye—very strongly resembling

one another. The room in which this rich and improving treat may be enjoyed, is a long low apartment, not unlike the cabin of a Gravesend steamer. It is furnished with a severe simplicity. At one end is a cottage piano, which from constantly accompanying nigger melodies has perfectly acquired the tone of a banjo; at the other, upon a sort of raised dais, is the table which has been so often set in a roar by the eccentric Nosey Daly, the Momus of the Ring. Along the sides are raised benches and smaller tables, at and on which sit the members and objects of the meeting. The human element does not present much variety, except in costume. As far as I can see, dog-fancying is a pursuit which entails the penalty of severe mental despondency, perhaps arising from the contemplation of man's inferiority as a fancy animal. At any rate, the prevailing expression of countenance is one of moodiness, and conversation is carried on in a low growl, suggestive of dreadful and soul-crushing secrets in the possession of the speakers. As to costume, I observe that the material called, I believe, moleskin, is popular, and that it is made up into a many-buttoned garment, combining the properties of the waistcoat and the jacket. A close-fitting round cap, with or without a peak, and drawn well down upon the eyes, is much worn, and here and there is one of those

glossy inflexible looking hats over which an omnibus might go without producing much alteration of shape. This is generally the finish to some gentleman who wears a very tight pair of drab trousers, and a cream-coloured scarf secured by a horse-shoe pin.

There is less sameness about the canine portion of the company. Fancy is a thing of delicate *nuances*, of subtle distinctions. It may lie in "points," and it may lie in weight; and, again, of weights there is a double consideration; for there be some dogs which are cherished because they are heavy, and others which are prized because they are light. For instance, here is a little black-and-tan terrier which, its proud proprietor says, might be almost weighed by ounces; a hydrocephalous little wretch, with protruding eyes, and legs about as thick as a cedar pencil, but nevertheless generally pronounced to be "an uncommon 'ansome toy." The great object of Fancy is to take up the animal at the point where nature left it, and develop it into something which nature, from poverty of conception, or timidity in execution, never aspired to produce. You have seen hairy dogs, perhaps: well, look at that gentleman who has just come in, and is taking what seems to be a piece of tangled cocoa-matting out of his pocket. Perhaps you think he is going to mop his manly brow with it, and, indeed,

before now a terrier pup, carried loosely in the pocket, has been, in a fit of absence of mind, used as a handkerchief; but no, he merely lays upon the table that remarkable Skye terrier which he is prepared to show against any other in the kingdom for five pounds a side. You do not suppose that nature, in her wildest freaks, ever contemplated such a triumph of shagginess as *that*. Again, very likely you think the use of ears is to hear with them. Altogether a mistake: that is merely a subordinate employment, though nature know no better than to make it the principal one. The real use of ears is to walk upon them, as may be perceived by a study of the case of those two little Blenheims, who are so much respected from the fact that their ears always trip them up whenever they try to walk. Apart from their fancy virtues, and looked upon as abstract dogs, they are miserable knobby-headed, staring-eyed little creatures, feeble in body and obviously weak in intellect. I must confess I have not much sympathy with this branch of the Fancy. I cannot, however, repress a certain feeling of admiration for the men who support it: they seem to me to be martyrs to the cause of experimental physiology. From any other point of view, what is the use of these dogs? When the Countess of Poodleton wants a dog, she gets a serviceable animal,

with good fattening points ; and unquestionably my Lord Tom Noddy's favourite terrier, Rapid, would no more pass muster here than an Australian dingo. There goes an old gentleman with a dog under his arm, for which, I am told, he has refused fifteen guineas, and which, as far as is known, he would not sell at any price. His entire apparel would scarcely fetch fifteen pence. Here is a problem. What is the spell that has been wrought by that dog on that man? What is the tie which binds them together? Which is the master? Does the man hope to float out of poverty upon the dog, as upon a raft ; or has the dog by his luxurious habits dragged the man down, and then compelled him to go about with him? Does the dog bully him when they are at home by themselves? In fine, as I watch this poor old Frankenstein with his canine monster, a host of questions arise which I cannot answer, and I am reduced to simple wonderment, mixed with, as I said before, a sort of admiration at a devotion so earnest and self-sacrificing.

It is with much greater pleasure that I contemplate the bull-dogs and bull-terriers. There is something manly here, not merely in the ordinary sense of being opposed to what is weak, effeminate, and enervated, but as understood to mean what is of, or belonging to man.

There is something about those bullet-headed, bow-legged, square-built animals, very like the men who introduce them and in whose society they mix. For instance, here is a bull-dog, one of those in whom weight is a virtue, who might be the canine embodiment of our worthy host. His size notwithstanding, he is, I find, spoken of as a little dog. "Brought your little dawg, Joe?" was the question put to the friend who accompanied him; a question which the friend answered by lifting with some difficulty an animal the size of a moderate sheep, and putting him upon the table. From this elevation the little dawg took a general survey of the company, and, I could almost swear, winked a recognition at one or two old friends, especially at a dark brindled dog opposite, of a humorous expression of countenance, and absurdly like a comic Ethiopian singer. So like, in fact, that I cannot get rid of the idea that he is every moment going to strike up "Old Bob Ridley," or "The other side of Jordan," or some other of the Mackney's popular melodies. He cannot, however, whatever his social qualities may be, compare with the Landlord. He is a jovial dog, with evidently a keen sense of humour which makes one warm to him, but I fear he is not destined to rise to the same height in his profession as my friend upon the right.

His chest is very inferior, his under jaw has not within an inch the same degree of prominence, and then he has nothing to show like the tail of my Landlord. In all these points my Landlord is perfection: he is the observed of all observers, and yet he bears his honours meekly. It is beautiful to watch him while the young man who introduced him is pointing out his merits to some of the bystanders. The expression on his countenance is exactly what I have seen on the face of the chairman at a public dinner, when the gentleman to whom the task had been assigned got up and said, "There is one toast which, etc.," and went on to enlarge upon the virtues, public and private, of him who so worthily filled the chair upon the present occasion. Nevertheless, an affable dog in his way is the Landlord; not brilliant, perhaps, for his conversation is chiefly confined to panting, the room being somewhat warm. But if a stranger addresses or pats him he will thoughtfully smell him over, and having ascertained that he is "one of the right sort," will take up his pant at the point where he left it off, leaving it optional with the stranger to continue or drop the conversation. His appearance when thus engaged is singularly prepossessing. With his mouth shut up, his air is stern, like that of a warrior in repose; but when

he begins to pant, the austerity of his countenance melts into an expression of extreme amiability and blandness, in no way affected by the display of formidable teeth and a vast expanse of red gullet. In fact, so far from appearing to be the sullen, ferocious, and morose animal which all authorities have hitherto represented this species, he and the Mackney, who is similarly engaged opposite, might be taken for the president and vice of a convivial meeting during the performance of a panting chorus. These worthy dogs have evidently been very much maligned. If we were to believe our popular naturalists, such an assembly as the present could not possibly take place without growling, snarling, and fighting. Now, so far from that being the case, I have never been present at a more orderly or decorous meeting, even in Exeter Hall. Every dog of them, if not gentlemanlike, is at least quiet in demeanour. I can only remember one breach of etiquette, and that was when a young thing in her first season forgot herself so far as to bark. Society has not had time to form her manners, nor, for that matter, her nose, which organ I observe her owner from time to time pensively pushing back with his thumb to induce it to become fashionably *retroussée*. This is clearly the excuse which suggests itself to the Mackney, who smiles at her with a good-

natured pity, while the Landlord gives her a look as though he said in his own homely way, "Shut up, you young fool." But then he is a blunt-spoken dog, not given to concealing his opinions. One thing that strikes me as rather strange, not to say ill-bred, on the part of the human members of the company, is that I cannot perceive they ever ask their canine friends, who contribute so largely to the entertainment, whether they will not take some refreshment. This omission is to some extent rectified by the kind attention of one of the waiters, who goes round with a bowl of water, which is thankfully accepted by most, but by some refused with signs of contempt. The Mackney laps a little, not so much from any love of the beverage as from a feeling of good-fellowship which prevents him from refusing an invitation to liquor in any shape ; but a dissipated looking bull-terrier, who is shaking all over (no doubt with delirium tremens), smells at it, hoping, perhaps, it may be gin, and turns away disappointed ; and when the bowl is offered to my Landlord, that self-contained dog declines it gravely, having probably made up his mind to have a glass of sound beer and a pipe before he goes to bed.

The toy dogs, as I said before, are of no conceivable use to anybody ; in fact, their complete use-

lessness is one of their merits. Not so these honest animals. They serve man in many capacities. They may be employed as four-legged policemen who *will* pin the burglar, and will *not* make love to the cook. There is another use they may be put to, the nature of which I infer from the numerous scars about their muzzles and legs, and also from the fact that a good deal of the conversation turns upon matches between dog and dog. Another of their avocations is rat-killing—not, you must understand, the vulgar extermination of rats, such as is practised by ill-bred rustic dogs in a farm-yard—but rat-killing considered as one of the fine arts. To attain a high rank in this profession a dog must have not only celerity of execution, but also strength of constitution, for considerations of time and quantity enter largely into the estimation of his abilities. His powers are generally tested in this way. Mr. A, let us suppose, is owner of the dog Pincher. There is nothing personal, I hope, in calling a dog Pincher. Pincher among dogs is what Smith is among men, a name which may be used without much danger of hurting any individual's feelings. Of this dog Pincher, Mr. B has, in the presence of Mr. C, made the disparaging remark that he cannot kill a hundred rats in seven minutes. Mr. C holds the opposite opinion. Now a difference of opinion in circles

where Fancy is bred can have but one result—namely, a bet. The man who will not back his opinion is by these queer people placed in the same category with the man who will not succour a female in distress ; so it soon comes to be known in places where sportsmen congregate, that Mr. C has backed Mr. A's dog Pincher at x to y pounds to destroy a hundred rats in seven minutes ; Mr. B's opinion of time being represented by the converse formula of $y : x$. The arena in which the momentous question is settled, is a room of much the same sort as our show-room, except that in the centre there is an enclosure something like a wooden cistern, some seven or eight feet square and four feet high. Round this are arranged benches and tables for the accommodation of the gentlemen interested in the working out of the equation, who are much of the same type as those patronizing the show. There is perhaps a slight increase in the proportion of drab trousers and shiny hats to moleskin and caps, to be accounted for by the fact that there is an entrance fee to be paid. In one corner there are two or three long wire cases, in each of which you perceive a mass of some brown, heaving, evil-smelling substance. Ugh ! it is simply a pudding of live rats with their heads buried in one another's fur, each flattering himself, poor beast, that nobody knows he

is there. The first entertainment in the programme is the gaol delivery, which is effected by an attendant, who extracts rat after rat by the tail from the pudding, and flings him into the pit. This operation, I remark, affords much amusement to the spectators; and whenever a particularly large and fat rat is thrown in, and falls with a good audible thump on the floor, it is hailed with cheers as an evidence of conscientiousness and good faith on the part of the purveyor, while a small one is received derisively and with sarcastic queries about the mousetrap he was caught in. The first use the rat makes of his liberty is to scuttle away into one of the corners and try to hide himself; so that after a while there are four compact little stacks of rats, one in each corner. One or two undecided animals keep running round, unable to make up their minds as to which heap they ought to cast their lot with; and now and then a rat having failed to gain in his own party that position to which his merits and exertions entitle him, goes over to the opposite side, where he soon rises to eminence by climbing over the backs of the original members. I now fully understand what is meant by the parliamentary phrase "ratting." I remark, however, one grizzled old patriarch, who has more than once objected to this patent violation of principle, and, even to the extent of

biting, has declared his determination not to allow it as far as his back is concerned. As soon as the rats are all in, and public opinion has, in answer to the umpire, expressed itself satisfied that there are a hundred rats, neither more nor less, the order is given to produce the dog, and the attendant gets into the pit to receive him. That is an exciting moment. Not a sound is to be heard except hoarse offers of five to four, entreaties that "gentlemen will not smoke while the dog's a' killin'," and an occasional "week, week, week," from the rat-heaps. At last Pincher is produced, and handed over to his second in the pit. He is a very lean dog, with great development of rib and jaw, calm and self-possessed, not in the least nervous or excited, but treating the whole affair as a matter of business. From the arms of his second he looks down on the rats with an eye professional and critical, settling in his own mind what particular sewer they were bred in, making a rough estimate of their average size and condition, and comparing them, considered as a lot, with the last batch he disposed of. On the signal being given, Pincher is placed on the floor, and immediately plunges his snout into one of the heaps. For a few seconds there is a steady sound of snap, crunch, scrunch, snap, showing that he is doing good business: after which he raises his

head for a moment for breath, and then, thinking he has done enough for the present in that quarter, transfers his attention to the next heap. By this time the rats are fully alive to the facts of their position, and are running about with considerable liveliness, promoted in some degree by the attendant, who stirs them up with his foot. And now I perceive in Pincher a want of generalship which makes me very much inclined to back Time if I knew how to do it. Instead of steadily sticking to one heap, and finishing it off before he begins on another, he allows himself to be seduced into desultory dashes at loose and unattached rats, which sometimes lead him into a long chase, and entail on him a considerable waste of time and breath. I am afraid the excellent dog has never read Coleridge's useful little book on *Method*. Meanwhile, the clock, as Bon Gaultier says, "is ticking onwards;" and the tale of rats is far from complete. The floor is strewn with the jerking bodies of the moribund, but the living still muster pretty strong in the corners, and dodge between Pincher's legs with provoking activity. And now the excitement becomes perfectly savage. The backers of Time, who were a little despondent at first, are in high feather as the minute-hand approaches the fatal point; while the supporters of Pincher bang the sides of the pit with the

frantic energy of despair, and stimulate their champion with yells of "Hi, Pincher! ah, Pincher! yah, Pincher! hurraw, Pincher!" Pincher himself looks as if it had dawned upon him that he has overrated himself. Still he buckles to his work dogfully, and chops and snaps and scrunches with the persevering pluck of a bull-terrier and a Briton. But no, my Pincher, it is not to be done, on this occasion at least. The decisive word is uttered. The time is up. One more victory is added to the triumphs of that calm old vanquisher of dogs and men; one more laurel is twined round his bald brow. Time is the victor by nine rats; and Pincher, the vanquished, leaves the pit a sadder and a wiser dog. As I go out I see him at the bar in conversation with a rough Scotch terrier. He is evidently telling him how after the sixty-fourth rat he knew he had no chance, and how he never *could* kill his rat satisfactorily in that pit; just as Ensign Flukemore says he never could play on that table at Brown's.

"Ever let the fancy roam," said Keats, with that keen sympathy for life in every shape which runs through all he wrote. But the suggestion is one to which the fanciers as a class pay no attention whatever. They never let the fancy roam. On the contrary, they keep it shut up in kennels, in cages, in hutches, in old barrels, in tea-chests.

There is one section of them, however, that forms an exception to this rule. Suppose you go out of town by the "South-Western" or "Eastern Counties" on a Sunday—not that I suppose you ever do, I am putting a case purely hypothetical—but if you did, you could scarcely help remarking as the train rushes along over the house-tops of Bethnal Green or Lambeth, that through every third roof there protrudes a man in his shirt-sleeves gazing heavenward. Taking the day into consideration, you may fancy you have discovered in London the existence of certain Chaldeans, or some strange sect of sun-worshippers, who solemnly burn incense in long clay pipes. Well, these men do form a sect, but it is for the secular end of pigeon fancying, and they are now watching their pigeons, who are disporting themselves aloft. Pigeons are to them what Majolica ware, or Louis Quatorze furniture, or old books are to others; and their highest notion of enjoyment on a holiday, is to go to Epping Forest or Barnes Common with a basketful, liberate the birds, and come home to hear that they have all got back except the cinnamon cock. Happy are the pigeons that are in such a case. If they had been pouters, or fantails, or short-faced tumblers, beloved for their personal peculiarities, how different their lot would have been. To me, to whom no reflection ever seems too mean to be seriously

improved for the benefit of self and friends, this thought is fraught with much sweet comfort. Herein I see displayed the vanity of setting over much store by mere physical attractiveness, and if I were a pigeon—say a Barbary runt, or some other species not remarkable for any special points—I would say to myself, “Runt, my boy, you are only a commonplace bird, but if you have any secret repinings because you are not a fancy pigeon, or any undeveloped cravings after high life, just you go into St. Giles’s and meditate upon what you see in the cages of the bird-and-rabbit dealers there. If you had been born a pouter, as you know, you rogue, you sometimes wish you had been, your only happiness would lie in inflating your crop like that unfortunate specimen who spends his day in puffing himself up into something between a bird and a balloon, and all because nature and education have impressed upon him that it is a fine thing to be a swell. Or if you were a fantail, like our friend there, your life would be, as you see his is, a continued effort to throw back your head and throw forward your tail—a struggle, as I may say, to make both ends meet. Away with you, and talk it over with the sparrows upon the housetop.”

A strange sight do those shops present to the traveller. How old Sir John Maundevile, Knyghte, would have

revelled in their wonders and horrors, if his voiage and travaille had ever led him so far into the Other Half. How he would have "devised" to us that "there ben in that londe cokkes and hennes gretter then gees, ryghte hidous to loke upon, of a cursed kynde. And there ben coneyes with grete eres a cubyte long and mo. And ye schull undirstonde that the menne of that contree don wor-schippe alle mannere of foules and bestes, and make sacrifice to hem with snayles, and chykwede, and ground-selle." I, for my part, have not that appetite for the monstrous and marvellous which is so charming a characteristic of my pleasant old predecessor. The hideousness of Shanghae fowl, or the long ears of fancy rabbits, have for me but small attractions compared with what I may call the social aspect of the animals themselves. I like to speculate upon their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows.

For instance, there is a ragged little goldfinch, whom I believe to be the bird so often mentioned in *Bell's Life* as singing for silver watches under the enigmatical condition of "ones and twos in the mouth." What does he do with the watches when he wins them; and why does he not get himself measured for a new tail when he is in pocket, and give that shabby affair he wears to some poor sparrow; and has he a one or a two

in his mouth at present? There is that fine lop-eared rabbit, who occupies the first floor of a house composed of hutches. If that rabbit had followed the course originally chalked out for rabbits, he would be at this moment hanging up by the heels in a poulterer's shop, or else coming over in a steamer from Ostend. But because natural selection, or the struggle for existence, or some other of the modifying influences referred to by Darwin, has stepped in and bestowed upon him a pair of ears eighteen inches from tip to tip, and a black mark on his nose, which is called a butterfly smut, but looks like the effect of kissing a kettle, there he is in a coop, alive, but rapidly going melancholy-mad. If insanity is as constitutionally prevalent among rabbits as it is proverbially among hares, that rabbit will be in Hanwell before the year is out; and no wonder; for you perceive the second-floor lodger is a powerful Cochin-China cock of restless disposition and great weight, whose constant stamping and crowing overhead would be enough to addle a stronger brain.

Nay, even graver thoughts than these mingle with my meditations. As I look upon these furred and feathered results of fashion, the solemn question arises, "Are there no fancy animals in my own species?" and then I think of what Carlyle calls the "Dandiacal

Body," and the "Martyr to the eternal worth of clothes," and of *Le Follet*, and of the pictures in the fashionable tailor's window. The train of reflection, I must admit, is not one of my own starting. For it I am indebted to a friend—if he will allow me to call him so—a native of North Britain, who once communicated to me his ideas upon the subject. He was a sheep-dog of the regular Scotch colley breed, who was exposed for sale (doing duty, I believe, as a Rooshian tarrier or a Pomeranian wolf-dog) in a shop in the neighbourhood I have mentioned. His owner was a professional gentleman as well as a dog, rabbit, and bird merchant, as appeared by a notice in which he described himself as a "canine surgeon;" further stating that "animals of the canine species"—observe the delicate wording of this—were "attended in all their ailments, puppies' ears cropped and teeth regulated, and medicine administered with or without advice." He sold everything in the way of animated nature, from a hedgehog to a warranted St. Bernard, and his shop had the combined perfumes of a knacker's yard and the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens. Here it was I met my friend. I had been looking at him with no vulgar curiosity, as I believe, when he raised himself up and returned my gaze, as dogs will do when stared at, saying, as plain as looks could say

it, "Aiblins ye'll ken a body the morrow 'gin ye meet him."

In the course of the conversation which ensued, I found him to be imbued with those fine feelings of contempt for southerners, more especially for Londoners and their ways, which his countrymen frequently entertain, and traces of which are observable in the great Christopher and the Ettrick Shepherd. "Ye'r speerin after Fauncy, are ye?" so I understood him to say; "ye'r speerin after Fauncy. Gae speer amang yer ain kin. Ye'll find mair o't upo' the stanes o' yer gret metraupolish, as ye ca' it. Ye see yon lassie wi' her hupes an' creeno-leens—weel, a'wm jalousin she's no that muckle better than just a fan-tail; an' there's the flesher's lad opposite; ilka Sabbath he pits a pair o' paig-tops aboot his hurdies, an' just maks a Shanghae cock o' himsel. An' yersel, ye'r no a fauncy rawbbit, but aiblins ye hae a pair o' lang lugs o' yer ain, for a' ye think yersel sae unco gleg. But it's ill crackin wi' fules, sae I'll just gae sleep an' try an' think the roar an' reek o' yer smoutie Lon'on is naething mair than the sheepbells and the caller breeze o' my ain bonny Grampians."

With that he curled himself round, and drew his tail well over his ears, much as I have seen a crusty old gentleman in a railway carriage pull down his night-cap,

and our interview was at an end. I have never been able to renew the conversation. He will not speak to me now when I stop and look at him ; but I have a sort of affection for that cynical old exile, and if he were not too dear, and my landlady would not object, I should like to buy him, and bring him home and be kind to him.

**A DAY'S PLEASURE WITH THE
CRIMINAL CLASSES.**

A DAY'S PLEASURE WITH THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

IT is not the fault of the periodical press if the reading public has not by this time a pretty fair notion of what sort of thing a fight for the championship is. The railway terminus besieged by a moneyless crowd, collected partly for professional purposes, partly from pure enthusiasm, partly in the hope of slipping in surreptitiously: the moneyed and ticketed crowd on the platform, comprising peers, M.P.'s, and pugilists: the long vague journey in the early morning, whither, no one knows, save a few cautious organizers: the charming spot carefully selected in a peaceful neighbourhood, and the amazement of the natives at the invasion of a thousand gentlemen thirsting for blood: the men, and how they looked: the bets and how they were booked:

inner-ring, outer-ring, Corinthians and roughs—all these things are now as a tale that has been many times told. But he who fancies that such a description holds good as a description of events in the Ring generally makes a great mistake. Between one of these exceptional affairs and one of those ordinary meetings which *Bell's Life* alone chronicles—quite unpretending little encounters of youths to Fortune and Fame unknown, for a poor five-and-twenty pounds aside—there is about the same difference as between—what shall I say? Hodge the ploughman, as he appears at an agricultural meeting, elaborately spruced up by his old woman, with snowy smock-frock, flowers in his bosom, and face shining and sheepish, listening to the laudatory remarks of the Earl of Jawborough, who is about to present him with a prize pair of corduroys for having brought up thirteen children without assistance from the parish ; and Hodge sitting at the plough tail, miry and easy, shovelling in cheese with his pocket-knife, while his horses take their noontide rest. In other words, the difference which exists between any man or thing on special and state occasions, and in his and its ordinary working dress. This kind of match compared with one of the more sensational sort, like that of Sayers and Heenan, is very much what “the Guineas,” or “the City and Suburban,” or some race of

that description, is to the Derby. It has no attractions for your mere amateur or dilettante ring-goer. Its patrons are the genuine working supporters of the Ring, who, eager for the public good, attend for the purpose of watching for modest merit, encouraging rising talent, and recruiting the lower walks of the profession with such "Young 'uns" and "Big 'uns," and "Elastic pot-boys" as may show signs of future greatness. Involving no great outlay of capital, it is also extensively patronised by those classes who, possessing the tastes of their social superiors, are unable to gratify them at the cost of a three-guinea railway ticket. In fact, an occasion of this sort is the "roughs'" holiday, and is pretty sure to attract a good sprinkling of those gentlemen, whose relations with society are chiefly of a predatory nature. Not, be it understood, from any base craving for filthy lucre: they do not appear professionally, but simply as private individuals, taking their recreation in the way that seems best to them.

Once, some years ago, it was my fortune to assist at one of these solemnities. Let not the gentle reader, who, doubtless, has witnessed (in print) the great battle of Wadhurst, disdain the short and simple annals of a "little mill down the river."

It was to the merest accident (accident, I have re-

marked, is always busy in such cases) that I owed my introduction to fistic society. One evening, passing the door of a certain West End house of entertainment, I remembered having read that "the whereabouts," as *Bell's Life* phrased it, of a fight to come off the next day, was to be learned there. The paragraph further stated that, "The Chelsea Pippin," one of the combatants, "held his levées" at the same establishment. "Pippin," I am aware, was not the precise term of endearment employed. I cannot call to mind either the real name or the professional sobriquet of the gentleman in question; and as I have never seen anything in the public records of his art to remind me of it, I am inclined to believe that his career was not a long or a brilliant one, and that he is now one of that mighty host who, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "must be content to be as though they had not been." "Pippin," however, is near enough for my purpose; it was some quaint dissyllable of the sort. His antagonist I have since seen warmly mentioned in print, on the score of his scientific attainments. In the natural course of things, therefore, it may be assumed that he took a public-house; and, possibly, by this time has raised himself, by his merits, to such a social position that it may be more becoming to observe a decent reticence with regard to his name. Let me call him Bill Blank.

There was a fascination about the idea of this levée, and no sufficient reason for resisting it, so I took the liberty of introducing myself. As far as I could see, the levée, if it was to be considered as going on at all, was attended mainly by the cabmen of the neighbouring stand, in the robes and wearing the badges of their order. A printed bill, wafered against a richly gilt and varnished hogshead claiming to contain Old Tom, set out the attractions of the morrow's treat. That swift steamer the *Dove*, it said, had been secured regardless of expense. First-class refreshments of every description under the well-known management of Mr. Glossop, were to be obtainable on board, and the public was entreated to bear in mind that, as far as our limited prevision went, a merry mill might be expected. Behind the bar there was a young lady with more ringlets than I could have conceived art capable of producing out of one head of hair. When I say that she was the barmaid, it is unnecessary to add that she was scornful. To the end of time, at any rate until the period arrives when the quadrature of the circle becomes a problem in elementary geometry, and a fruitful source of tears to boys of tender age, we may expect this question to agitate men's minds: why does the dispensing of refreshments of any sort (for the phenomenon is equally observable in confec-

tioners' shops, and railway restaurants) always produce misanthropy in the female mind? Shallow reasoners, or optimists who refuse to think evil of lovely woman, will perhaps deny the fact, or seek to explain it away by the theory that a certain sternness of demeanour is assumed to repel passing attentions that cannot lead to anything; but this argues such an ignorance of the sex that it will not bear a moment's consideration. A friend of mine accounts for it by saying that every woman is something of a tyrant at heart, and that when man appears before her, weak, a suppliant, and completely in her power, she cannot resist the temptation to snub, subdue, and make him generally uncomfortable. He, however, is married, and notoriously henpecked, and therefore his opinion is to be received with caution. It may be that the constant contemplation of man as a mere swallowing animal, joined with a knowledge of the composition of what he swallows, leads to a belief that he must be physically dyspeptic, and morally depraved. Possibly an acquaintance with the structure of jam-puffs induces a suspicion that the world is hollow. Perhaps, in process of time, pork-pie comes to force itself upon the imagination as an emblem of that cold, hard conglomerate, called society. But, however the change may be brought about, the melancholy fact

remains, that standing behind a bar or restauration counter, or sitting in that seat of the scornful, the slim cane-bottomed chair in the far corner, does curdle the milk of human kindness in bosoms originally meant for love and tenderness.

I should as soon have thought of telegraphing to Buckingham Palace, as of applying to that haughty one in the ringlets for information, and I might have gone away, my thirst for knowledge unassuaged, but for the sudden appearance of a potman through a door artfully constructed in the partition which separated us, representatives of the miscellaneous and retail business, from the jug and bottle department. He was as communicative as could have been desired. As to the *levée*, he could not say much about that. There had been a few gents a-taking their liquor along of Mr. Glossop and the Pippin in the parlour, but they was mostly gone now. As we were speaking, a young man with a thin, colourless face, and closely-cropped head, and buttoned up to the chin in a heavy great-coat, passed out. "That's 'im," said my friend; "that's the Pippin—he's a-going to bed." I remarked that I thought he was residing in the house. "So he were," was the answer; "but to-night he puts up at another crib down East End way,"—here he executed an unfathomable wink. "We picks him up to-morrow as

we goes down, and he gets a couple of hours more rest by it." When I said I had dropped in for the sole purpose of an interview with the distinguished individual who had just left, he expressed the deepest sympathy. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. The Pippin himself was gone beyond recall, but he had not left an utter void behind him. They had his boots in the bar. Should I like to see 'em?

The offer was evidently made in a friendly spirit, so I replied that the spectacle would be a great comfort to me, and would console me, if anything could, for missing the society of the wearer.

"Miss Abbot," said the potman, addressing the maiden behind the bar, "will you show the Pippin's boots, if you please, miss."

Whether he effected it by some potent spell, or by the possession of some terrible secret, which placed her in his power, I cannot say, but he made this astounding request with perfect impunity, and Miss Abbot, not in the least indignant, only languidly contemptuous, placed upon the counter a pair of dapper lace-up boots, with soles plentifully studded with that description of nail to which the poetry of the trade has given the name of sparrow-bills.

I thought I had concealed my feelings at the sight of these suggestive objects, but I suppose my countenance

must have betrayed some emotion, for my friend at once, without any disingenuous beating about the bush, whispered: "Come down and see him fight in 'em. Tickets here; boat at Cadogan Pier, Chelsea. Start at five. I'm a-going." If I had had any scruples about the propriety of the affair, the wording of the ticket which he produced would have set them at rest. A member of the Peace Society might have stuck it over his chimney-piece and felt no shame. It admitted the bearer, it said, to participation in an "excursion down the river;" as if it had been got up by a body of philanthropic gentlemen to familiarize the public with the scenery of the lower Thames. The object was lightly alluded to as being "to view"—observe the delicacy of that expression—"the contest for 50*l.* between the Chelsea Pippin and William Blank of Bermondsey!" If these two youths had been shepherds of the golden age about to contend in alternate strains upon rustic pipes for a chaplet of honeysuckles, the invitation could not have been more charmingly put. Was this, then, an instance of that institution which I had been so often told was a disgrace to our country, and a relic of barbarous times? Surely, I thought, we have been under a delusion, produced, perhaps, by the figurative language of sporting literature. "Conks" and "counters" must mean some kind of rural

produce ; "riboasters" and "potato-traps," agricultural implements of some description. It is not claret which is "tapped," but hydromel, and Pippin and Blank are only Daphnis and Menalcas, who "come up smiling ;" while Theocritus, disguised as the reporter for *Bell's Life*, embalms them in an idyll.

I purchased that ticket, paying about as many shillings as the noblemen and gentlemen who went to Wadhurst paid guineas—no great sum for a trip into Arcadia.

On awaking next morning, the first question, "Shall I go?" being settled, there arose a second, about costume. Instinct told me it ought to be undemonstrative, likewise substantial. I remember feeling considerable difficulty touching collars. It might be that they were not generally worn on such occasions, and I did not wish to give offence by any singularity of appearance. However, I luckily found a collar of an unobtrusive make, and capable of being made invisible in case public opinion should declare itself strongly on the subject ; also I availed myself of a specimen in my possession of that somewhat obsolete garment called the pea-jacket, which it seemed to me would form a happy compromise between the raffish and the respectable ; and I hailed as a favourable omen the discovery of an ancient spotted cravat, bearing some distant resemblance to that peculiar tie which is

beloved in sporting circles under the name of a "bird's-eye fogle." These, with a tourist's wide-awake hat, constituted a turn-out which I regarded with some pride, as being singularly appropriate to the approaching festivity, being partly nautical, partly sporting, withal modestly rakish, and conveying, upon the whole, an idea of something between Robinson Crusoe and an amateur rat-catcher. I need hardly add, that taking into consideration the pastoral simplicity of the forthcoming entertainment, I left behind me all articles belonging to an artificial state of society, such as watch and purse, and only encumbered myself with coins sufficient for the incidental expenses of the day.

It was gratifying to find that my costume met the approval of my friend the potman when I joined him at the establishment he adorned. Early as it was, the shutters were down—if they had been up at all—and the house generally was up and stirring. One or two gentlemen, whom I had seen the night before, were fortifying themselves with strong waters for the exertions of the day, and it seemed to me that their complexions did not look anything like so fresh by daylight. I caught a distant view of the barmaid too. She struck me as being sleepy rather than scornful now. Her ringlets had disappeared, and were replaced by an array of tight

screws of newspaper, which gave her the appearance of having dressed her head professionally with pennyworths of tobacco ; and—ha, ha !—her nose was red that fresh autumn morning.

In due course the steamer was reached, and we found a select party of the Fancy and its patrons whiling away the time with early beer and scientific conversation. Among them was an elderly gentleman whom I regarded with the deepest interest. His countenance was not, perhaps, a prepossessing one, for a long series of professional struggles had given it a disrupted appearance, like that of a country which has suffered severely from volcanic action. Numerous extinct craters, both of elevation and depression, were perceptible about the regions of the jaw and forehead. Some terrible convulsion had shaken the foundations of his nose, which lay over on its side, half buried in the face, like an abandoned barge on a mud-bank, and, when he favoured society with a remark, he exhibited a vast extent of toothless gum. His hands were even more remarkable, seeming to consist chiefly of knuckles and knobs, the result, no doubt, of frequent fractures, and, as they lay folded before him on his knees, they strongly resembled the gnarled roots of some queer plant. At his feet lay the ropes and stakes which, when adjusted, form the

Ring, and beside him was a long black leather case, containing, as I afterwards discovered, a choice collection of powerful gutta-percha whips, to assist the ring-keepers in maintaining discipline. He was Mr. Thomas Oliver, so frequently mentioned in reports of pugilistic proceedings, affectionately as "Old Tom," playfully as "the ould commissary." The latter title referred to his official position as custodian of the ropes, constructor of the ring, and general trustee of the portable property of the Pugilistic Association, which dignities had been conferred upon him in recognition of his long and valuable services in the cause. This, then, was the Lyndhurst of pugilism, the survivor of a whole generation of mighty ones—alas! since then he has rejoined them—a man who carried one back in fancy to the classic age of Cribb; who had stripped for combat with the stalwart Tom Spring; who had seen the rise and fall of Deaf Burke, and had his nose broken in battle years before Tom Sayers, that star of modern fistics, saw the light. And here was the good old man enjoying an old age, not indeed of peace, for, in the way of business, he helped to break it about once a week in the season, but of honourable ease; no longer personally taking part in the strife of the arena, but, like his great political counterpart, still serving the common weal with his wisdom and experience.

At last we were off and working slowly down the river, stopping occasionally to take in boat-loads of sportsmen. Off Lambeth we took in some ; a few also at Hungerford. At London Bridge we remained for a long time, backing astern and going ahead, while boat after boat pulled alongside full of passengers eager for the fray ; and the ticket-takers had to be doubled, and sometimes to use force to prevent enthusiasts unprovided with the card of admission from joining our select party. Again off Limehouse did we stop, for the convenience of the eminently sporting population of Stepney, Whitechapel, and the Commercial Road ; and again at Blackwall, at which point the Pippin was brought on board with a charming affectation of mystery, and immediately stowed away somewhere below as if he were a bale of contraband goods. It was beyond expression delightful to watch the puzzled faces of the people on board the river steamers as they shot by and caught a glimpse of our motley crew ; but the bargemen knew what it meant, and as we passed their lumbering vessels, sidling crab-fashion down with the tide, they winked us sympathetic winks, and evinced the warmest interest in our enterprise.

We could not at any time have been described as a well-favoured assemblage, but by the time we had received the contributions of Eastern London we were

upon the whole as hangdog-looking a ship's company as ever trod a deck. In the upper parts of the river the excursionists who joined us seemed to be chiefly sporting publicans and pot-boys, professional fighting men, and a few working men, bricklayers mostly, I fancied, as they generally wore fuzzy flannel jackets, and seemed to come from the vast building districts of Pimlico. But from London Bridge downwards we began to take in a totally different sort of pleasure-seeker. There were youths of the unmistakable coster type, in tight dark-coloured corduroys, long waistcoats with sleeves and mother-o'-pearl buttons, keen-eyed, wiry, generally swarthy, and with something undefinably Oriental about the cast of their features, possibly traceable to an infusion of gipsy blood. Stanch supporters of the Ring these, when, as on this occasion, support is not an expensive luxury, and no mean exponents of its principles in an amateur way. Then there were second-rate pugilists, and also many quasi-pugilists, hangers-on at sporting public-houses, men who occasionally "set to" at the benefit of some reduced member of the Fancy, and on the strength of this affect outrageously the demeanour of the fighting men. Nor were specimens by any means scarce of a still lower grade of sporting parasite, the sort of gentlemen who,

a day or two after you have lost your favourite dog, hangs about your house and thinks he knows a party as knows them as has found him. It was comparatively easy, however, to distinguish the genuine fighting man. Not that he differed from those about him in being bigger or broader or brawnier. Slim or thickset, feather-weight or "big 'un," there was something about him which indicated his profession—a certain clearness of complexion and absence of colour about the face quite distinct from the pallor produced by ill-health or gin; a protuberance of cheekbone and brow, as though the protecting bones of the eye had received an unnatural development from repeated pommelling; a puffiness of the lips due possibly to the same cause; not to speak of the "tract of bare and sterile country behind each ear," which the keen eyes of Charles Dickens fixed upon as the most striking feature in "the Chicken's" personal appearance.

But by far the majority of the additions to our society were of a class not so clearly defined, but on the whole more forbidding than any of these. There was no very striking uniformity of countenance or costume. The prevailing expression, perhaps, was one of mingled impudence and cunning, and if any one style of garment was more popular than another, it was something in the nature

of a very disreputable-looking shooting-jacket. Taste, too, seemed to run in favour of a soft, pulpy kind of cap pulled tightly over the skull, so as to suggest the homely image of a pudding in its bag, and make the ears stick out like small wings from the side of the head. Beyond these there was nothing in common except, perhaps, a general greasiness of dress and person, inducing the idea that every gentleman systematically and on principle lubricated himself in order the better to evade the grasp of the law, as represented by the policeman. But it did not require a very profound knowledge of life to make one suspect the existence of a subtle bond of union among these worthies, nor was it necessary to overhear some of their conversation to guess that they were representatives of a powerful and influential class to which society is indebted for some of its most time-honoured institutions.

These were those members of the community who mainly support some two dozen gentlemen sitting at the receipt of charges from ten to four in fragrant bowers in various parts of the metropolis. To the exertions of these we, to a great extent, owe the stately and substantial palaces which adorn some of our more unsightly districts, such as Millbank and Pentonville. For these, in their natural state believing nothing, and fearing the devil only when he appears in the form of a policeman,

their country maintains an infinite variety of chaplains—Protestant, Catholic, Wesleyan, Mahomedan, Mormon, so nice do their religious scruples become after conviction; and for these—albeit when they live at their own charges they live on fried fish and gin—it is necessary to provide strengthening meats and nourishing soups, lest that muscle, which they never employ but for the good of their species, should become wasted. I do not mean to say that every man in this section of our company was actually and professionally a thief, or even skittle-sharper, or common rogue and vagabond within the meaning of the Act. But it seemed to me, from what I chanced to overhear, that it was quite a matter of accident if he was not embarked in some one of these callings. The view which appeared to be generally taken of life was, that it was a state of natural antagonism to the law of the land, and the nearest approach to an elevated moral sentiment that I heard took somewhat the form of the opinion held by the turnkey in “The Old Curiosity Shop”—that felony was a kind of disorder, like scarlet fever or erysipelas: some people had it and some hadn’t, just as it might be. In fact, if not all of the jail-bird species, they clearly belonged to the class from which that noble army of martyrs is chiefly recruited, and, next to the topic of the day, prisons, penitentiaries and houses

of correction formed the staple of their conversation, as far as I could make out from the scraps it was my privilege to overhear. There was, however, no rancour or bitterness expressed about them. They seemed to be treated as things of course, and were discussed very much as continental hotels are discussed by a couple of newly returned tourists. Millbank was abused for its soup, or Coldbath-fields commended for its cocoa, precisely as the cuisines at different clubs are compared and criticised by West End men. Perhaps it is really in this light that these establishments come to be looked at in process of time by the criminal classes. For are not prisons in many respects their clubs—quiet havens of retirement from the cares and worries of domestic life, where they get a host of luxuries and comforts not obtainable at home, well lighted and airy rooms, good attendance, excellent cookery, and the use of a well-selected library? And might we not, in lieu of their present unmeaning names, aptly rebaptize them as the “United Scoundrels,” the “Prig and Burglar,” the “Larcenæum,” etc.?

I must do these gentlemen the justice of saying, that though they did talk a little “shop,” they seemed to me, one and all, to have come out simply for enjoyment and not business, and I believe not one of them would have

picked a pocket on this occasion unless under circumstances of irresistible temptation. The excursion was just the sort of one they could enjoy freely, and being distinctly unlawful, it did not compromise any of their principles. And here, it strikes me, is an argument in favour of prize-fights, especially of the humble sort. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, continual stealing and no recreation will certainly not make Prig a better member of society; and fights and executions furnish the only kind of recreation he cares about. As surely as there will be flies where there is garbage, so surely will there be criminal classes in a large city: sanitary reform may do a great deal, but the plague will always exist to some extent. In certain *cafés* in fly-plagued towns, they leave out lumps of sugar and messes of sweetstuff which become centres of insect enjoyment, and save some considerable consumption of the refreshments. In the same manner would London gain if amusement were more liberally provided for its predatory tribes. Hangings can now no longer be depended upon as a source of amusement, and perhaps we are to some extent bound to make up for the deficiency by an enlightened policy with regard to prize-fights.

The only exception to this general decency of

behaviour, that I remember, was on the part of a young man, who, from his appearance, I would wager was never four and twenty consecutive hours out of the hearing of Bow Bells, but who, nevertheless, with a remarkable country accent and great simplicity of manner, asked me if I didn't think his mother would be greatly surprised when she heard he had been to a "proize battle," and then proposed to me to join in a game of chance with him and his pal in the cabin. I heard him afterwards talking to his pal, and from their conversation I think it probable his mother would not have been a bit surprised if she had heard of his being hanged in front of Newgate. A striking contrast to this insidious and self-seeking conduct was that of a venerable gentleman, who, in the most open-hearted way, communicated to me the newest and most approved plan for disposing of property feloniously acquired. Not to be personal he put an imaginary case, and showed how A B, having in a crowd possessed himself of a watch, might readily and safely convert it into money. I forget the process.

It must not be supposed that all, or even the greater number of us, were of this class. Among the better sort was one individual whose appearance contrasted most favourably with that of those about him. He was neatly and well, but very quietly dressed in a black frock-coat,

black silk necktie, grey trousers, unexceptional boots, and, perhaps, as glossy a hat as I ever saw. Personally, he was stout, inclining to *embonpoint*, with pleasant features, and a merry dark eye. I do not say "black eye," because, considering that it was a fighting company, it might be open to misconstruction. I observed, too, that he was treated with marked respect by every one, from the pickpocket to the publican. This, my friendly potman informed me, was Mr. Adams, official inspector or superintendent of the ring-keepers, but in his private capacity styled "The scientific Ned Adams," from the elegance of his performance in battle on the ribs and noses of some of England's proudest gladiators. Being a person of such appearance and importance, it was gratifying when, in the course of the day, he addressed me in very nearly the words used by Johnson to Don Juan when they met among the rabble in the slave-market. *He* might have passed for a gentleman anywhere, but I should have preferred not to attempt to gain admission into any select circle in the costume in which he found me. His conversation was perfectly in accordance with his appearance. It was agreeable, humorous, and instructive, and altogether superior to what one might have expected from a member of a profession in which mental culture is quite subordinate

to physical training. Through his means I came to have the pleasure of speech, and in one or two instances of refreshment also, with divers men of eminence in the world of science. There was the Spider, then champion of the featherweights and in the zenith of his fame, a pocket Hercules, and now, I am happy to believe, a prosperous publican. Also Mr. Jack Jones, of Portsmouth, celebrated, as Mr. Adams told me, for his capacity for punishment, in respect of which he possessed the virtue of gluttony—to use a technical term—to an extent that made him very generally beloved; and indeed, his face looked about as impressionable as a street-door knocker. It was not many months after this, I think, that the terminator of delights and the separator of companions, as the “Arabian Nights” would say, removed this ornament of society from the trying sphere in which I met him, through his falling with his head against a stake, while in the active pursuit of his profession; and he died in that ring on which he had shed a lustre, surrounded by a circle of mourners who had heavily backed him to win.

In such society of course the hours flew lightly by, and I was under no temptation to kill time by excessive indulgence in the first-class refreshments. Indeed, from what I saw, I rather rejoiced that I had had the foresight

to make as substantial a breakfast as the hour permitted before starting. The articles of food which the well-known management of Mr. Glossop had provided appeared to be simply bread, a large quantity of highly adipose boiled beef, and a collection of enormous hams of a white and flabby complexion, like habitual dram-drinkers, which broke out into horrible and profuse perspirations of grease in the confined atmosphere of the cabin.

Bend after bend of the river was passed in the wake of our consort, the steamer which carried Mr. Blank and his fortunes, and we were soon in the heart of the Dutch scenery of the lower Thames. Here, after a good deal of shouting and telegraphing from one vessel to the other, we came to a stop close in to the Kentish side of the river. The place was as lonely and apparently as lifeless as a slice of the Great Desert; and where the boats came from—whether they dropped from the sky or rose from the mud of the river—I cannot say, but scarcely had the paddles ceased to work when we were surrounded by a small fleet of rickety-looking tubs, whose owners competed furiously for the honour of taking us ashore. I was greatly pleased to observe here that, whatever might be said of the rest of us, our fighting men did not appear to belong to that division

of mankind described as the Great Unwashed. Most of them, in fact nearly all except those whose services were immediately required in arranging the preliminaries, stripped and were overboard in a twinkling, revelling in the enjoyment of a refreshing bath. I cannot say that I saw any of the coster or criminal sections follow this excellent example, and it struck me that perhaps the phenomenon was one of the good results of the training the professional pugilist undergoes, in the course of which he becomes acquainted with the virtues of cold water, and acquires a taste for it, at least as an external application. Indeed, the balance of personal cleanliness was with our fighting friends in a very marked degree, shabbily and poorly dressed though many of them were.

At the courteous invitation of Mr. Adams, I accompanied him and a select party to the shore. Climbing over the high bank of the river we descended upon one of those vast expanses of low-lying pasture-land which here stretch along both sides of the Thames for many miles. The scenery was perhaps tame, being, but for the line of hills in the distance, very like anywhere in Holland; but as no policeman showed within the visible horizon, we all expressed ourselves charmed with the landscape. The order, smartness, and organization

shown in making the arrangements, were really admirable. The ground was marked out, stakes driven down, ropes run through their rings rapidly, but without any noise or confusion, each worker obeying his orders with the quiet promptitude of a well-drilled soldier; and by the time the bathers rejoined us, we of the inner ring were seated comfortably, while those of the outer stood in a compact circle seven or eight feet farther off from the centre of attraction. In the intervening space the ring-constables were pacing about flourishing their mighty whips and driving back the crowd wherever it seemed inclined to bulge forward. A mere threat was generally sufficient, and no wonder, for with one of those fairy wands a man might have cut open a rhinoceros. Then two small processions might be seen descending the bank, and presently the Pippin threw his cap into the ring, and diving under the ropes followed it himself, and advanced to shake hands with Mr. Blank.

Let not my sensitive reader be under any apprehension that I am going into the details of the entertainment which followed. That has been already done many times by pens far more elegant and graphic than mine; for although of no public interest, and for a small stake, this little encounter was upon the whole very much the sort of thing that has been described so

frequently of late. Besides, I have no gift for the sciences, exact or inexact, and should certainly break down were I to attempt to employ technical language. I think I should know an upper-cut again, if I should ever happen to meet one in society ; for an instance of that charming manoeuvre was pointed out to me, and, from the lively satisfaction with which we witnessed it, and the way we rubbed our noses in jubilant pantomime, I infer that it is considered to be attended with exquisite suffering when received on that sensitive feature. But beyond this, my acquaintance with the terminology of the Ring is very superficial, and quite inadequate to the necessities of accurate description. Time after time the heroes met, and dodged, and fainted, and blows were stopped, or missed, or got in with a smart smacking sound, and then somehow one saw a pair of semi-naked bodies locked in a venomous embrace, belabouring rib, and head, and face with the disengaged arm ; staggering about the ring, swaying to and fro, until they fell with a dull thud ; on which it seemed to be the etiquette for each to lie on the broad of his back, and allow his seconds to carry him to his corner as much after the fashion of a corpse as possible. The ground grew more and more like mud, and the drawers of the men got dirtier and dirtier, and their faces,—

at least that of our poor Pippin—more and more disfigured, and so the pleasant game went on. I must confess, however, that, possibly owing to the deficiency I have above alluded to, I could not bring myself to regard it with the interest it deserved. It seemed to me to have more monotony and sameness about it than an exhilarating pastime ought to have, and after witnessing about a dozen rounds, I worked my way out through the crowd, and went and sat down on the top of the bank with some other sated excursionists.

Here, as from the top of some mountain ridge which keeps apart two races, we commanded a view of two widely different scenes. On the one side the broad, shining river, placid as a mill-pond, and the rich green pastures of Essex, dotted with cattle, and overhung with a soft golden haze. On the other, a surging, yelling crowd with a small clear space in its centre, where two figures, piebald with blood and dirt, tumbled about wildly. Out there Britannia is ruling the waves in her accustomed stately manner, but across our frontier here she is powerless. That tall ship sweeping slowly by astern of the fussy little tug is perhaps bound for New Zealand, and the gentleman in black on the poop may be a missionary going out to convert Maories. Ha! ha! if he only knew what was going on over here, perhaps

he would think it hardly worth his while going so far. Here comes the Boulogne steamer, with cher Alphonse, as yet not in the least unwell, on deck. When your Henri meets you at the railway-station to-morrow, Alphonse, after kissing him on both cheeks, you will tell him that England is the country the most *sage*, the country of the spleen, in short; but, *mon ami*, you have no notion how jolly we are on this side of the bank. Nor, for the matter of that, have the people on board the Margate boat, who look with wonder at a row of figures perched on an embankment in such a desolate spot. A persevering band is musically examining Ben Bolt as to his recollection of the scenes and sounds among which he passed his boyhood; there is a mill at work here, to the "clack" of which it would rather puzzle Mr. Bolt to keep time in song, as we find he was fond of doing in his youth.

At last there is a great shout. It is over. The sponge has been thrown up, and the crowd is dancing round and embracing Mr. Blank. As for Pippin, he is a beaten man, and may go drown himself for aught we care. Him his faithful seconds, as in the case of that eminent heavy-weight Dares, *ducunt ad naves*—lead to the boats, *genua agra trahentem, jactantemque utroque caput*, or,—to translate into *Bell's Life* English for the

benefit of the ladies—with his knowledge-box all awry, and very groggy upon the pins. A critic near me pronounces the fight to have been “as one-sided a affair as ever he see;” but from the glimpse I get, I should feel more inclined to apply that remark to the Pippin’s face. I have seldom seen anything more one-sided in expression than that is. But what of that? He’ll come all right again in time, and with this consoling reflection we embark and proceed on our homeward voyage in the highest spirits. We have had a charming day, and no interruption from the authorities; and though we are somewhat disappointed with the science and gluttony of the Pippin, we bear him no ill-will. On the contrary, when the Spider goes round with the cap, and, addressing us individually as “guvnor,” urges us “to remember the beaten man, and chuck in a brown or two,” we comply with a kind of contemptuous good-nature.

I know very well what is expected of me here. According to the strict rules of Art I ought either to wind up with a few moral remarks on the brutality of the Ring, its degrading tendencies, etc. etc., quite in the style of a heavy father in a five-act comedy; or else, taking the perhaps more fashionable tone, conclude by upholding it as an institution calculated to cultivate the

virtue of manliness among us, and promote physical training. But I prefer to let the reader moralize, if he will, in whichever direction his instinct leads him. The materials for reflection which I humbly offer to him have been collected in the most impartial spirit. I have not, consciously at least, exaggerated any of the details. We had no doubt as choice a collection of scoundrels as London could produce; and yet for such a company they were well behaved. The language used was of the strongest character, but the demeanour of the crowd, though frequently boisterous, was invariably good-humoured. Utterly lawless most of them unquestionably were, and yet there was a degree of order and discipline, preserved, it seemed to me, more by common consent than by authority, which, all things considered, was very remarkable. In fact, the most unpleasant impression I carried away arose, not from the actual spectacle itself—and after all there is a great deal of nonsense talked about the mere physical suffering of the performers in the ring—but from the heartless indifference with which the beaten man seemed to be treated, and, still more, from the money-making element which appeared to underlie the whole business. To stand up in public and pummel and be pummelled for the space of an hour, may be a low and brutal way of earning five and twenty

pounds ; still, five and twenty pounds is something to a poor man. But an evidently experienced gentleman with whom I discussed the point put it in a totally different light. "*He* don't get the five and twenty," said he, alluding to Mr. Blank, of whom I had observed that I supposed he would be the richer by that amount. "Bless you, it goes to his backers ; them as found the money for him. In course they wants something for their risk." "Then what did he really get?" was the question I put timidly. "Well," said my friend sententiously, "he'll get a new suit of clothes, and—" after a pause—"perhaps they may give him a fiver if they're werry pleased with him."

Given, a suit of clothes and a remote chance of a fiver, as the rewards of the victor : to find, and reduce to pounds, shillings and pence, the *solatia victo* ?

THE GREAT UNSOCIAL EVIL.

THE GREAT UNSOCIAL EVIL:

ITS NATURE, ORIGIN, AND REMEDY; WITH
A FEW WELL-AUTHENTICATED CASES.



WE were returning from Greenwich, after dining at the little Yacht Tavern, which answers for all ordinary purposes just as well as the Trafalgar next door and is fifty times as snug, when my friend, Dr. Hermann Blumenkohl, of Heidelberg, who was of the party, took occasion to observe that we, that is to say the English, were without doubt a wonder-fine nation, and possessed many difficulty-encountering qualities, but that we suffered from a moral atrophy which prevented us from enjoying the universal soul-binding advantages of world-brotherhood. "You also, my friend," said the Doctor, removing the cigar he had just lighted in defiance of all railway regulations, and

indicating me therewith, as if it was a lecturer's wand and I a diagram against the wall—"You also, my friend, are a victim of this unfriendly *englische Krankheit*. That have I to-day seen. You know that young man and that young man knows you; wherefore, then, have you not exchanged the greetings customary with individuals of the great human company?"

The case alluded to was this. We had been proceeding comfortably enough with our dinner at the Yacht, when something attracted my attention to the next table, and, gracious powers! there sat Hopkins. The functions of nature were not, it is true, suspended, but after that the stewed eels and the salmon cutlets did not seem so good as before, and even the cold punch—the *verführende Punsch* the Doctor was so partial to—lost half its charm. Hopkins is not, as the reader supposes, and as my friend supposed until I explained the true state of the case, my tailor; nor is he a critic who has spoken contemptuously of my poems, or a rival who has supplanted me in anybody's affections. There are none of the obvious reasons why I should feel uneasy in his presence. He has done me no injury. He never conferred a benefit upon me. He merely inhabits a set of chambers on the same staircase with mine, and meets me ascending or descending, face to face, on an average

eighteen times per week, exclusive of Sundays. But then Hopkins and I have never been introduced, and as a man and a Briton, I am of course bound to ignore his existence. The natural consequence is, that when by any chance I am brought into contact with him, when the theory that there is no Hopkins is refuted by the fact of a visible, audible, and tangible Hopkins, he is a source of extreme discomfort to me. From what I have observed, too, I cannot but conclude that I produce corresponding sensations in him; we are laboriously unconscious of one another, and look through each other as if we were each made of some gaseous material.

This, though in our eyes a state of things so ordinary as to be almost regarded as normal, would no doubt seem worthy of remark to a foreigner; especially to one like the Doctor above mentioned, who, by the study of men and cities, was qualifying himself for a degree in the same school of philosophy of which Ulysses, we are told, was a graduate. Nor is it inconceivable that he should look upon it as the result of a defect in our national character. From time immemorial foreigners have been agreed upon this point. When Froissart sneers at the English because "they amused themselves sadly, after the fashion of their country," we know what he means, and that he is merely confessing his inability

to comprehend that dignified reserve, that undemonstrative bearing, for which the nation was even then remarkable. It was only the other day I met with an anecdote in the work of a French traveller which shows how little the lapse of time has weakened this prejudice. According to his statement, in the course of his travels in Norway he found two young Englishmen, Oxonians I believe, who lived in the same house and fished in the same river every day. "They had not been introduced," he flippantly observes, and consequently, up to the time of his arrival, they had not exchanged a word. Whereupon this officious gentleman takes upon him to perform the rite—the sacrament, Emerson rather properly calls it—of introduction, and goes his way congratulating himself upon having done a rather clever thing. He does not say how they received his interference, but if the first result of the acquaintanceship thus formed had been a league for the purpose of putting the meddling author of it into the river, I am sure the verdict of every Englishman would have been, "Served him right for a busybody." It was positively a more monstrous proceeding than that of the two old women in *Æsop*, who scrubbed the blackamore to death because they happened not to approve of the colour of his skin. In that case the ill-fated Ethiopian may have been purchased as a footman, and

black did not perhaps harmonize with the livery worn in the establishment of his proprietress ; or it may have been a scientific experiment. But the Frenchman's act was purely wanton, and argued a narrow-minded intolerance of peculiar national institutions. Such a man would be for abolishing the goitre in Switzerland, and would be quite ready, in his revolutionary enthusiasm, to amputate that ornament, if the natives were inclined to permit him. He would trim Commissioner Yeh's nails down to European brevity, and stop the blubber of an Esquimaux on the ground of its not being light and nutritious diet.

By way of contrast, I may describe the conduct of a friend of mine, Mr. Patrick Brady, waiter at Clancy's Royal Hotel, Connemara, on an occasion very similar to the above. The hostelry here mentioned is situated in one of the loneliest parts of the district. Who Clancy is, or whether he be man or myth, no one knows. Eye hath not, as far as I am aware, seen him in the flesh. The portrait which has been supposed to represent him, and which hangs in *the* sitting-room (for the establishment boasts of but one), has been pronounced by a competent critic to be a likeness of either the late Charles James Fox or General Sarsfield. But in his absence, whether from non-existence or any other cause, the management

of the concern is entirely in the hands of Patrick (generally reduced to the diminutive Patsey) Brady, who prides himself on taking a more than landlordly, a fatherly, interest in the welfare and comfort of his guests. These consist for the most part of two classes—tourists who stay for a day or two, and fishermen who may stay for weeks. It is to the latter that Patsey chiefly devotes his attention; the tourists are mere birds of passage, and in too great a hurry to make themselves at home, as he, “on hospitable thoughts intent,” would wish them. With the others it is different; but here lies his great difficulty. Patsey is of a disposition pre-eminently sociable, and looks upon good fellowship as essential to comfort. Now the brothers of the angle are of all men the least disposed to fraternize when on their beat, a fact of which the Frenchman already referred to was clearly ignorant. Company is the soul of fox-hunting, but fishing is of necessity a silent, solitary craft, and fishermen by force of habit uncommunicative mortals. No true fisherman ever believed that another was his equal in the art: he always has certain secrets and artful dodges which he preserves jealously. Even old Izaak, the chattiest and most gossiping of the tribe that ever lived, has Venator a good while on his hands before he comes to the “resolution to hide nothing that he knows

from him." Add to this, that by far the greater proportion of those who use Clancy's Hotel are Cockneys, and it will be easy to conceive how difficult it is for Mr. Brady to place his visitors on that free and easy footing among themselves which he considers so desirable. I remember once finding him nearly out of his mind through the exclusiveness of two Londoners, who for some time previous to my arrival had been his only guests. They used to breakfast opposite one another, and go about their fishing, and come home and dine opposite one another, and then go out and sit upon the parapets of the little bridge behind the house, smoking and expectorating into the river on opposite sides, and then turn in and drink their whisky and water in solemn silence opposite one another, and go to bed without a syllable of conversation having passed between them. All this distressed Patsey beyond measure: in the first place, it was subversive of the principles upon which society depended; and secondly, it rendered necessary two distinct teapots at breakfast, two separate soups at dinner, two independent jugs of hot water afterwards, and several other cases of duality, where a coalition would have produced unity. And yet, let him do what he might, Messrs. Brown and Smith would not be jolly anglers. "Isn't it a murder," said he, pathetically, "to

see two pleasant-spoken gentlemen so mighty unfriendly? My heart's fairly broke betune the pair of them. I've tried all sorts of stratagies with them. I've mixed their boots outside their doors in the morning. I put them to sleep in a double-bedded room, pretending we were going to mend the broken pane in No. 2 that Mr. Brown had. And after all, here they are, three weeks come Tuesday, and divil a compliment has past betwixt them—no, not so much as a 'Good-morrow,' or 'Bad luck to you,' or any other salutation. Wishah, then, I don't know what to do next."

It appeared subsequently, however, that he had not abandoned all hope; for the same evening he appeared in a high state of exultation, exclaiming, "Be jakers, I done it at last; and I think you'll say it's neatly done when I tell you, sir. They were always bothering me for potheen, you know," and here Mr. Brady executed a wink as a type of the illicit character of the beverage he specified. "So I said I'd give them a taste to-night, provising they'd drink it in the kitchen, for I told them (axing your pardon for the same, sir) that your honour was the gauger, and I durstn't for the life of me bring it into the parlour. And there they are now drinking together, and laughing quite friendly at the way they have tricked your honour. Oh! but it's beautiful to see

them sitting up cheek by jowl on the dresser, discoursing like a couple of thrushes in the pairing season, with a bottle of potheen between them. Good luck to you, potheen !—'tis you that breeds harmony and friendship !”

I wish it were consistent with strict veracity to allow this little tale to end here, but unfortunately a reverence for truth compels me to add that during the night watches there was a row in the building, and on repairing to the kitchen, whence the noise seemed to come, we found the decanter empty, Mr. Brown in the plate bucket, and Mr. Smith standing over him in the attitude which the late Mr. Thomas Spring selected when about to have his portrait painted for the patrons of Science and the Ring. It transpired that a difficulty had occurred on a question respecting the weight of a certain trout which Mr. Smith had captured ; but there is only too much reason to fear that both gentlemen had been misled by the apparent mildness of the liquor supplied to them. The next day I was the only guest at Clancy's, and Mr. Brady confided to me his opinion that the Saxon could “neither discourse, nor drink, nor fight, like a Christian.”

These two anecdotes, while they contain the moral that, in a matter of native politeness and good taste, an Hibernian waiter may have the advantage of a polished French traveller, also point to the melancholy fact of its

being a widely-spread and generally-received opinion that we are naturally an unsociable people. The fact is one which I have frequently considered, especially since hearing the observations of the Professor already quoted, and the consideration of it has given me deep pain. I must say, however, with all becoming diffidence, that the evidence deduced from the cases generally cited, is not sufficient to support the charge. Does it follow because two individuals by circumstances brought into contact, as in the case of Brown and Smith, of the Oxford men in Norway, or, to take the instance I started with, of Hopkins and myself, do not exhibit a strong tendency to fraternize,—does it follow, I would ask, that they are therefore of a morose disposition? From a minute examination of the example last mentioned, I would submit that it does not necessarily. I take up my own case partly because it is the one I know most about, and partly as Burton took up melancholy, because “one must scrat where it itcheth.” The subjects are so much akin, too, that I cannot do better than adopt his method, and proceed categorically. As a starting point I may take—Disinclination to a further knowledge of Hopkins. This seems to be of two sorts, positive and negative. Under the head of positive I find Distrust, first of Hopkins, secondly of myself. First, of Hopkins, lest he turn out

to be a bore ; which naturally resolves itself into two considerations, for he may be a bore active or a bore passive : and secondly, of myself, lest I prove to be in the same relation to Hopkins ; which, of course, is capable of subdivision as before. As to the negative disinclination to a further knowledge of Hopkins, it arises from three sources. First, laziness, which is simple, and requires neither division nor explanation for the better comprehension thereof. Second, that I know of no reason in connection with Hopkins why I should particularly desire it. Which may be (1st) Hopkins's misfortune, or (2nd) mine. Third and last, that I do not see any way of attaining to it, which may arise from—firstly, my not being acquainted with any friend of Hopkins's—secondly, Hopkins not being acquainted with any friend of mine—and lastly, Hopkins being under the influence of all the above considerations with respect to me, and consequently equally debarred from making overtures.

Now if this be, as I believe it is, a full and true analysis of my feelings towards Hopkins, how can any one charge me with a want of sociability (putting moroseness out of the question), as far as that young man is concerned ? It cannot positively be brought under any one of the above heads. Knowing nothing of his character or disposition, I am not only excusable, but perfectly right, in being

cautious of entering into relations of boredom with him, and in this I show a consideration of his comfort as well as of my own. As for laziness, Heaven forbid it should be imputed to any one as a crime. It is certainly none against good fellowship ; some of the best fellows in the world have also been the laziest. But that laziness which makes a man slow in forming a new intimacy is a thing in itself. There is—and for the discovery I shall expect at least a tide-waitership at the hands of the present Ministry—in every Englishman a vein of conservatism, which crops up in different forms under different circumstances. In the matter of friendship it often takes the form of laziness. An old worn-out friendship will sometimes hang on because indolence points out that it is not worth while to change ; and a new one is often avoided as a kind of reform that will not repay the trouble of carrying out.

As to the remaining subdivisions of my feelings relative to Hopkins, it will be seen that I am quite irresponsible : this will be obvious to any understanding. The philosophical mind, however, and it is to such minds in particular that I would now address myself, will perceive that the whole difficulty is comprised in this, my ignorance of Hopkins, and Hopkins's ignorance of me. In fact, I don't know him because I don't know what manner of man he is ; and what is more, I firmly believe

that nine out of every ten cases of so-called unsociability may be reduced to the like simple terms. I think it is Sir William Blackstone who says, that every wrong has its remedy. But whether he does or not, or whether the remark be consistent with facts or not,—and I must say I entirely doubt the truth of any such proposition,—most people will admit that it would be as well a wrong should have a remedy, if possible ; and, with a view to alleviate the social wrong above described, a wrong inflicted by society on itself, I would submit the following scheme to the consideration of the philosopher and philanthropist. Let an office—to be called, say, “The Rational Introduction Office,” or any other name that may be deemed proper—be established, with branches in various parts of the metropolis and kingdom, for the purpose of registering the names and social qualities of all supporters of society on enlightened principles. The entry of name, residence, profession, and all matters of fact (but of these only) should be left to the registree. The recording of matters of opinion should be intrusted to his friends. Here absolute impartiality would be of course unattainable ; but an approximation to truth would suffice for all practical purposes, and by striking a balance we might in general obtain a tolerably accurate result. For example, if a man be generally disliked, it will be observed

that the warmth of his defenders is in an inverse ratio with their number. If he be universally considered amiable, it is strong presumptive evidence against his having much force of character. By collecting and comparing the scraps of information on these points, a sufficiently just estimate of any individual might be formed ; and as an additional security, informants might be obliged to leave their names and addresses with a confidential clerk. The mere fact of two persons being registered in such office should be considered equivalent to the most formal introduction between them ; and in order to place the requisite information in everybody's reach, copies of all the registers should lie for reference at the head and branch offices. Further, any registree should be authorized to serve notice upon any other registree, to the effect that upon a certain day he proposes to commence an intimacy with him, which notice should be accompanied by an attested copy of the server's registration, with all its particulars, under the seal of the office : and it should be provided that a rejection of such proffered intimacy should not be considered an affront or insult. I do not think it would be advisable to demand payment for registration : that should be gratis ; but, so widely spread is the love for criticism, a small fee charged for liberty to write remarks on one's friends

would, I believe, render the institution at least self-supporting, if it did not create a fund out of which bonuses might be paid to parties who, with the assistance of the office, succeeded in forming friendships that lasted without a break for any period not less than ten years.

As a specimen I submit an imaginary extract from one of the registers.

"Hicks, Thomas, cadet of the Hickses of Hicks's Hall, junior partner in the firm of Stiffe, Grumpy, and Hicks, Bankers. Unmarried.' Thus much Hicks himself was allowed to enter. Then come the remarks which appear under different headings, such as "social qualities," "tastes and habits," etc. Among these we perceive "City snob," in an obviously military hand. "Not a bad sort of fellow, though"—with a flourish. "At any rate, he don't give himself airs like *some* people"—evidently a cut at the writer of remark No. 1. "Oh, don't he though; did you ever see him at an evening party?" "Like him well enough, only he has not got an opinion of his own on any subject but banking." "Why should he? Steady, sensible young man, and minds his business." Then follow miscellaneous remarks. "Taste! none at all."—"Don't know that. His rooms in Half-Moon Street show some."—"Devilish good wine, at all events."—Used to wear a Noah's-ark coat."

"Admires Offenbach."—"Smokes dreadfully" (female hand).

Now these, though probably nothing like so full as the particulars in most cases would be, are quite enough to give a general idea of Hicks. Without committing myself by a declaration *pro* or *con*, I may say he seems to me to be a good-natured, easy-going young man, of fair average social properties, not remarkable for much brilliancy—for, mark, there is no testy observation about his being "a puppy,"—with some affectations, but those of a harmless kind. He has a weakness for "good society," and has already made some progress as a man of fashion; witness the rooms in Mayfair and the Noah's-ark coat. And then, how suggestive is that pointed bit of writing about smoking. How it whispers of certain attractions about the youthful financier, sufficient to inspire the fair sex with an interest in his well-being. In fact, from the data here before me, by combining the little hints, the delicate *nuances* of character to be found in these concise criticisms, I might almost make Hicks the hero of a three-volume metaphysical novel, if under the influence of some aberration of mind I should contemplate producing such a work.

Another of the many advantages afforded by my plan, and by no means the least of them, is that it would very

much facilitate conversation in the earlier stages of an acquaintanceship. In society there are few spectacles more painful than two men trying to talk when they do not know what to talk about to each other ; when each is, as it were, groping to find the other's line.

"There's wont to be, at conscious times like these,
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,"

which, however amusing to the cynic, cannot fail to distress the lover of his species. By following the directions I have given this would be wholly avoided. Suppose I am just starting for an intimacy with Hicks. Armed with the knowledge which I have obtained of his likes and dislikes, I open with him on the subject of the Opera Bouffe, and perhaps by gentle remonstrance and well-bred raillery lead him to see the error of his ways ; or else I put him at his ease at once by recounting some anecdote of the fashionable world which he regards with so much admiration and curiosity ; or else I take him upon the Bank Charter, that richly imaginative and soul-enthraling topic. Thus Hicks and I get a fair start, and save a great deal of time in arriving at a knowledge of each other's points.

In short, if such a design were carried out conscientiously, whom to know, court, and avoid would be a far simpler question than under the present

lumbering system. On the latter point the scheme is not so perfect as I could wish. Protection against undesirable acquaintances is a right to which every one is entitled, and though some would be afforded by the provisions of the R. I. O., many cases of hardship might possibly occur. In most instances, however, the remedy lies in the hands of the injured party, and a little nerve and presence of mind are all that is required. As an example of what may be done by a person endowed with these qualities, I may mention a case which came under my own observation, and in which an intimacy of a very threatening character was checked by the coolness and promptitude of the injured party. The aggressor was a gent, travelling by one of the Rhine steamers, who committed a wanton and unprovoked assault upon a gentleman by "making up to him," as it is termed among the lower orders; that is to say, thrusting himself upon him, reading "Murray" to him, making absurd remarks upon the people, legends, castles and wines of the country, and finally making an offer of his company as a travelling companion. To have thrown him into the Rhine, though morally and ethically a justifiable act, would have been scarcely well-bred, so the aggrieved individual adopted a milder course. He assented to the proposition of his assailant, took him a day's journey up

into the hills on the left bank of the river, and lodged him in an inn where nothing but a very inferior High Dutch was spoken (the gent being ignorant of every language, including his own). Having thus placed his adversary at a distance of at least five and twenty miles from the nearest English phrase, the gentleman arose at an early hour in the morning, returned to the Rhine, and pursued his journey. The other has never since been heard of; but if he has not been starved, or drowned in some of the crater lakes of the Eifel, or eaten by the wolves which Murray says still haunt that district, it is probable he has learned a salutary lesson.

I now place my little scheme before an intelligent public. Like all great reformers I am modest, although enthusiastic, and am quite ready to admit that it is by no means free from imperfections. With a view to repair these if possible, and also in order to avoid Hopkins, who is becoming intolerable, I shall betake myself to Herne Bay, and there,—*para thina poluphloisboin*, etc.—in short upon the long pier, I shall devote my mornings to my country's good in maturing this noble, though at present crude design.

Postscript.—My laundress has just informed me that Hopkins's laundress has informed her that H. is going to Herne Bay to visit his aunt. Allah Akbar! There is destiny in this. Shall I go to Margate?

PEOPLE I HAVE HATED.

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I CONFESS I do not now hold the lofty sentiments about Hatred which I once held, or at least subscribed. To the best of my recollection, the first time I had occasion to bring my mind to bear on the subject, I uncompromisingly pronounced Hatred to be "the vilest passion which can agitate the human breast," and expressed a very decided opinion (fortified by examples from ancient and modern history) that it was invariably injurious to society, and degrading to the individual character. I would not, perhaps, have gone to the stake for these views, but I never dreamed of questioning their soundness, or contemplated the possibility of holding others, for I had them (in rough draft) from the highest possible source, the Addison of our school, its most eminent hand at moral essay and theme-writing: that

gifted being who had the miraculous faculty of producing, besides his own masterpiece, any number of compositions for his less prolific comrades, no two exactly alike, though all on the same subject, and whose reflections, as just and profound as his grammar and spelling were unimpeachable, no master had ever been hardy enough to criticise. But that fine outfit of dogmatic morality with which we are furnished as we start on the pilgrimage of this world does not long stand the wear and tear of the journey, any more than its concomitant, the marvellous school-boy digestion, which makes light of viands the mind shudders at in after years. Dear ! dear ! what beautiful virtuous lives we should all of us lead, if we were only to act up to the headings of our old copy-books. Alas ! those noble round-hand resolutions and rules of conduct seem to have no more effect upon the formation of character, than the firm determination to improve in penmanship I have so many times engrossed has had upon the handwriting which I observe upon the paper now before me. In the one case, as in the other, the standard of excellence is pitched too high for ordinary mortals. It may be attained by writing-masters and moral philosophers, but for us others it is impossible to get along with all that paraphernalia of virtue, or to carry on our correspondence with all that

nicety of hair-stroke, loop, and flourish. There is Hatred aforesaid. *We* know that we can no more help hating than we can help sneezing. Life being what it is, we *must* hate a good round number of people. It is all very well for the philosopher, as he sits tranquilly meditating in his cell, with his feet on the fender, to denounce the weakness from that high moral altitude. But let him come down and mix with the crowd, and have his toes trodden on a little. Depend upon it, when he does, his language will be very much the same as ours, and for all his fine maxims, he will not love the neighbour who bruises his corns a bit better than we do. Some go through life in broughams and some in 'busses, and the former are by far the more favourable vehicles for what Dr. Johnson called "the general cultivation of benevolence."

At the same time, it must be admitted that Hatred now-a-days is not quite the deadly feeling the moralist has in his eye when he lectures on the terrible consequences of giving way to it. In the first place, all sorts of diseases, moral as well as physical, have a tendency to become in time less virulent in their action. And then, as society grows more and more complex, we have more collisions with our fellow-creatures, and consequently more hatreds, which must

be, therefore, individually less substantial than one which absorbed our whole hating power; just as trees in a thick plantation have less substance than those growing in the open. If anybody turns the matter over quietly with himself, he will be astonished to find what a number of people he hates (unless he is exceptionally amiable, pachydermatous, or philosophical), not exactly to the death, or "perfectly," as Izaak Walton hated otters; but, nevertheless, very positively and decidedly. Also he will be struck with the endless variety of form which hatred is capable of assuming; and, finally, the conviction will be forced upon him that, as he hates so many people who are quite unaware of the fact, it is extremely probable that he himself is an object of detestation to several persons whom he never dreamt of offending.

To take my own case as an illustration—I hate, and for some time have hated, Major Macpherson, and calmly considering the case, I cannot avoid the conclusion that what the Major is to me I must be to divers other people. I have never met Major Macpherson. And yet, stay: how do I know that? He may have been, for aught I know to the contrary, that very agreeable military man whose conversation lightened the journey by the "limited mail" a month ago, or that

fiery gentleman who had so much to say the other day at Jones's about the rascally behaviour of the Government in the matter of forage allowances to field-officers. Still, in spite of the apparent inconsistency of it, I hate Major Macpherson, the reason being that I only know him as (and I feel as if I were alluding to a three-volume novel, when I describe his relation to me) Major Macpherson, the former lodger. In fact, the rooms I now occupy were formerly tenanted by the Major, and all his tastes, ways, and habits appear, from the statements of Mrs. Sharkey, the landlady, to have been diametrically opposed to mine in every particular. Now, when people are acquainted a difference of this sort often tends to strengthen friendship; as in chemistry, combination takes place when positive and negative are brought together. This is the moral which the poet seeks to point in the ballad of "Jack Sprat." The tastes of Jack and his wife were opposed to one another, and the consequences were, we are given to understand, a harmonious married life and an economical household. But if all you know of a man is the bare fact that his likes and dislikes, his customs and opinions, are all the reverse of your own, and if it is always tacitly assumed that his are the right ones, and indeed, in some sort, the standards by which rectitude is to be measured, "how

possible to love him?" as Mesty says in "Midshipman Easy;" or rather, how possible not to hate him with an abiding and bitter hatred? This, then, is my position with respect to Major Macpherson. On all questions of tea, sugar, spirits, boots, or breakfast-bacon, I have only to express a wish or deliver an opinion, to be told that it is very odd, for Major Macpherson was always most particular to have his quite different. No question of domestic economy can be broached but it raises the ghost of the Major to confront and condemn me, nor does it at all lighten the grievance that I am forced to observe in all the Major's ways a remarkable consideration for Mrs. Sharkey's convenience. When I compare the inflexibility of his rule about dining from home on Sunday with my own laxity on the same point, I cannot but feel that I must suffer by the comparison; nor can I help seeing that his marked partiality for easily cooked dishes tends to exhibit me in the disagreeable light of an incorrigible gourmand. In fact, the memory of the Major is a daily humiliation to me, and consequently I hate him with a hatred which I maintain to be perfectly natural. The perpetual obtrusion of another person's virtue on your notice must ere long produce a weariness which, in the end, ripens into hatred. For this reason I have always had a sympathetic

feeling for that much abused Athenian who was for ostracizing Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." Granted that he was just, was that any reason why his justness should be continually thrust down the throats of his neighbours, as if he were the only licensed dealer in the article? The earliest hatred I can remember, the first dawn of hate in my nature, was of this sort. Chronologically arranged, a list of the people I have hated would be headed by my uncle George.

In my early days it was the mission of this relative to manufacture aphorisms and moral sentiments for family use, and the frequent application of these to our conduct was a sore burden to us youngsters. Being sententious, he was fully believed in by the womenkind of our family, who considered that there was no more conclusive way of pointing out our shortcomings than quoting some scrap of his wisdom germane to the matter. How weary we were of the preamble, "Your uncle George used always to say," or "Remember what your uncle George says." His fecundity in maxims and precepts was as great as that of Mr. Samuel Maunder, of the "Treasury of Knowledge." He could produce a sentiment suitable to any occasion at a moment's notice. The effect of the severe battery to which we were thus exposed was not merely

confined to hatred of the author of our sufferings. I cannot honestly say that our eagerness to walk in the paths of virtue was very great, but such as it was, it was checked by the mitraille of morality with which uncle George swept all the approaches. We felt it was no use to try to be good ; that we must fail ; and then followed a terrible "sour-grape" feeling about rectitude, amounting to positive scepticism. Was there such a thing at all, or was it merely a figment, an invention of our elders for the purpose of more readily keeping us in subjection ? In fact, there was developed within us a rudimentary rationalism. Of course a very slight knowledge of the world would have kept us right. It was said that no man could possibly be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, and similarly it ought to have been obvious to us that no man could possibly be so virtuous as uncle George's talk made him out to be. And in the fulness of time it was made manifest that his life did not always square with the rules of conduct he so liberally offered to society. If he was richer in one department of moral philosophy than another, it was in that which dealt with industry, perseverance, steadiness of application, method, etc., on all which subjects he poured forth aphorisms so numerous and so weighty that he made existence a burden to us. But he himself was not industrious, he was not persevering,

he applied himself steadily to nothing, and was methodical only in dogmatizing. He had struck out so many different openings in life leading to nothing, that he had made a perfect sieve of it. He had been in as many berths as there are in a P. and O. steamer. He was always going abroad to try some new line of business, and always coming back unsuccessful, but charged with fresh precepts about success in life—picked up probably from Brahmins and Sachems he had met in the course of his travels. Even now there is a sort of family “whip” on foot to bring him home from New Zealand, where he has been attempting to set up something which it appears would not stay up, and no doubt we shall soon learn something of the moral philosophy of the Maories. The species of hatred which this case serves to illustrate is very common. Let me take another example, differing in kind. I hate Captain Boreas, and I do so under the following circumstances:—

It has long been a practice or a custom of mine, when London becomes odious, as it frequently does at various seasons, to retreat to a pleasant watering-place which I shall call Dipscombe-super-mare. Whene’er I took my walks abroad there, on pier, esplanade, cliff, or downs, I was always encountering a certain gentleman who speedily inspired me with the deepest aversion. He was

a stout man, and a tightly-buttoned-up, wearing, in all seasons and weathers, a frock-coat which disclosed no waistcoat, but only stock and shirt-collar. He was a man of a warm, uniform complexion, something between brick and plum colour, and of an irritated texture of skin, as though it was his habit to wash with oil of vitriol and dry himself with a nutmeg-grater. He walked quickly but stiffly, as if he had no knees, he was constantly slapping his chest with his fist, and he carried a thick bamboo cane. My feelings as regards this gentleman being those I have described, I need not say I became in time acquainted with him. When science is farther advanced we shall, perhaps, know why it is, what are the laws governing the mysterious attraction through which you inevitably come to know a person who happens to be an object of vague aversion. The means by which the junction is brought about are various. An officious friend with a mania for introducing people will do it as often as anything else ; or a railway-guard may put you into the same carriage with the object for a run of sixty miles without stopping ; or you may be shut in with him in a dentist's waiting-parlour ; or it may be your hard fate to take his umbrella in mistake for your own and to have to return it with an apology. Be the process what it may, in one way or another an acquaintance is sure to come about.

I soon discovered what instinct meant when it warned me against Captain Boreas. The way in which that man crowed over all creation on the score of his own exceptional robustness of constitution made him the enemy of his species. The great pleasure of his life seemed to be to insult his fellow-creatures by invidious comparisons of his strength with their weakness; for it was a favourite article of belief with him, and he triumphed in it, that everybody except himself was more or less feeble and rickety. He was always slapping that abominable chest of his and telling you how well he felt—as if you cared. He had a gift, too, for finding out the things that disagreed with you, and glorying in them. If the wind was from the east—Dipscombe is a particularly east-windy place—and if, as many people do, I strongly resented its blowing from that quarter, finding its invariable effects to be acerbity of temper, and a prickly feeling of the skin suggesting that in the evolution theory of the descent of man the hedgehog has been overlooked as one of his ancestors—if these were the circumstances under which I was abroad, Captain Boreas was sure to heave in sight, marching in his wooden-legged way, and carrying his great cane over his shoulder like a musket. Seeing me, he bears down upon me at once. “Hah!” he shouts (he always speaks in a shout). “Here’s a fine bracing

day, sir !” (slaps himself.) “ Here’s a glorious breeze !” And then, to show his relish of the breeze, he inflates himself and thrusts his odious thorax almost into my face. As I am not at all in the mood to agree with him, I express my sentiments freely about the day and breeze, and he exhibits great delight. In his most boisterous manner he describes the exhilarating effects of such weather on himself, and points the inevitable conclusion that, as he is “all right,” I must be “all wrong.” A topic which he specially enjoys enlarging upon is an assumed laxity on your part in the use of cold water. He is slow to believe that there is any one who takes the same manly view of that element that he does himself. He is fond of introducing his tub into conversation and dating anecdotes or personal reminiscences from it, as “when I was in my tub this morning,” or “as I was getting out of my tub ;” and when the thermometer falls below freezing-point he derives great satisfaction from describing how he had to break the ice. I don’t think he is one of those seven gentlemen whom we read of every winter in the paragraph headed “The weather and the parks,” who have a spot in the Serpentine kept clear of ice for them, and bathe every morning at seven o’clock ; because if he were, he would brag about it so noisily that no one enjoying his society for ten minutes could fail to

have the fact impressed upon his memory. But if the police regulations permitted afternoon bathing in the Serpentine in winter, I think it very likely he would avail himself of the privilege, that he might walk up and down afterwards flourishing his damp towel and telling society his sensations. Cold, sir! he should think it *was* cold. So much the better.

There was a variety of the Boreas breed that became a public nuisance at the time when the Turkish bath was first introduced. This Boreas was profound in all the details and theories of the new process, and had by heart all the pamphlets and articles written on the subject, with which he perpetually harassed mankind. As the captain above named bullied you with his chest, *he* bullied you with his pores. He had got hold of the fact (if there is such a fact) that there are eight—or, stay, is it eight thousand?—miles of pores distributed over the human body. That all this vast extent of tubing was in your case what he pleasantly termed “clogged,” was a theory the maintaining of which gave him infinite satisfaction. Clogged you were, and clogged you must remain until you became like him a Turkish-bathist of the strictest sect. Everything that you complained of, from your inability to digest curried skate to your incapacity for reading the debates in the House,

was referable to one great cause—your cloggedness. The idea, too, of your laying claim to the possession of a skin inspired him with the deepest scorn. "Horn, my dear sir, all horn," he would say, passing his thumb contemptuously over the back of your hand. He alone had a skin, and all his miles of pores were one great thoroughfare. Even becoming a convert did very little good. He had the whole process at his finger's ends, he would cross-examine you strictly as to what you had undergone, and woe betide you if you had omitted or shirked any part of the ceremony. He would not bate you one single douche or dislocation. You must perform the rite according to his programme, else you were in a parlous state, from which your only escape lay in conforming with all possible haste with the instructions he gave you.

A certain sort of Boreas, I have observed, is often found in great force on the Continent. As some people travel to "do" sights and places, others to gourmandize, others to grumble, this Boreas appears to travel to wash. He goes abroad to testify to British cleanliness in the face of an unwashing generation, under which head he includes all manner of foreigners, whose personal habits he denounces at table-d'hôtes and in railway-carriages with all the blustering raillery of his family. Everywhere he goes he leaves behind him in the travellers' book scathing invective.

tives against the deficiencies of the house in the matter of tubs and water-supply. His greatest delight is to turn a little primitive mountain-inn topsy-turvy at five o'clock in the morning to furnish him with the means of sousing himself, and, under the sobriquet of "Der Kalt-wasser Herr," he is dreaded by the toiling chambermaids of half the tall hotels from Cologne to Vienna. Cleanliness is akin to godliness, but his is so outrageously obtrusive that it suggests an affinity to the godliness of Chadband.

A much more humane creature, but, if possible, a greater bore, is Hilarius, the man who is always in high spirits. High spirits are a very charming and enviable possession in the abstract : that is to say, surveyed from a distance favourable to calm philosophical contemplation. But like a great many things very charming in the abstract, they lose much of their charm when tried by the severe test of personal experience. To put the same truth in another form: a good thing ceases to be a good thing when you get too much of it, and this is the case with the high spirits of a man who is always in them. People who have lived much on Mediterranean shores say that in time you weary of the eternal blue sky with which new comers are always so enraptured, and that on a return to this vilified climate there is nothing you enjoy more than the variety of our clouded canopy.

Travelling in the South, after a hot journey, you come, perhaps, to an inn where they give you a room looking out on a little courtyard festooned with creeping plants, in the middle of which a lively fountain plays day and night with a merry patter. How you revel in that courtyard, and especially in that fountain, as you lean out of your window in that happy, dreamy, contented, after-dinner lounge which only the traveller knows. How the look, and scents, and sounds of the spot haunt you afterwards ; the dancing water that caught the sunlight streaming in over the red-tiled roof, the tinkling splash, the rhythm of which was your last sensation as you dropped asleep ! You talk about that fountain afterwards to your friends as one of your most delicious recollections, and perhaps you succeed even in persuading yourself that if fortune were to assign that chamber to you in permanence, you would make unprecedented progress with your great work, your epic, or tragedy, or essay on the extinction of pauperism, or treatise on the probable duration of the glacial period. In such a room, and with such a fountain making music in your ears, your ideas, your fancy, would flow unwontedly free and felicitous. But the chances are ten to one that had you been fated to spend three days instead of ten hours in the same quarters, you would have found

yourself, before that period had elapsed, ejaculating, "Confound that fountain!" or—for I don't pledge myself to the exact phrase—whatever form of execration your sex, temperament, or habits prompt you to use under the pressure of impatience and discontent.

The man who is always in high spirits is like that Italian sky, and like that fountain, a little of him exhilarates, perhaps, but a full dose cloy. He is all unvaried ether. He is always in full play. There is no shade, no repose in him. He is a dead-level of liveliness without any depressions, and like all dead levels, monotonous. He has but one state of existence, and therefore can have no sympathy with beings whose mood is liable to change. It is this want of sympathy that makes him a nuisance. As it is always high water with him, he cannot understand why you should be sometimes on the ebb: he cannot conceive the possibility of your not being always up to *his* mark. For the same reason he regards neither time, place, nor circumstance. All such ideas are swallowed up in his light-heartedness. If he writes to you he puts burlesque titles and facetious descriptions of you on the envelope, thereby perplexing the postman, and ultimately lowering you in the eyes of that officer as a correspondent of lunatics, and therefore little better yourself. If he calls upon you, he knocks

facetious knocks at your door, at one time imitating "Rates and Taxes;" at another simulating the manner of an insane footman from Belgravia. If you are from home he leaves messages so elaborately obscure that you utterly fail to make out who was the visitor, and what was the object of the visit; for in all his actions the ostensible end is ever subordinate to the great purpose of his life, that of finding a vent for his spirits. If you happen to be in your garden he sends word to say the Archbishop of Canterbury desires a few minutes conversation with you. You hasten in much puzzled, and only able to surmise that his Grace, having heard of your charitable disposition, has called to solicit your co-operation in some philanthropic project. You find neither the Archbishop nor anybody to represent him; but, just as you are proceeding to inquire what this may mean, Hilarius rises suddenly, like a pantomime demon, from under the table, and greets you with a comic war-whoop. In all this complicated performance he clearly gives you to understand that he considers he has laid you under an obligation by taking such pains to give you a pleasant surprise. This is one of the most aggravating features in his philosophy. He delights in surprises, and he assumes that you, the surprised, as a matter of course, equally delight in them. In his eyes an un-

expected thwack between the shoulders, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes; and acting on this philanthropic motive, he never misses an opportunity of inflicting that blessing. If he spies you in the street he will stalk you as though you were a stag, that he may come upon you unawares. To us who are not always in high spirits it is difficult to see the humour of knocking all the wind out of a fellow-creature's body by a hearty slap or punch. We cannot deny the force, but we fail to see the point of the joke. Its extreme antiquity, we think, might by this time have removed it from the category of facetiæ. But to him there is nothing stale or obsolete in it: time writes no wrinkle on its brow, and he will take away your breath with as keen a sense of original fun as that pre-historic humourist who first dug his stone-age brother in the stomach.

A crowd always brings out his quality. You are, say, at the Royal Academy, looking up at the picture of your poor friend Skyhigh, and trying to invent something consolatory about "a good light" against the next time you meet him, when your meditations are broken by a sounding tap on the crown of your hat. You turn round hastily in quest of the assailant, and find that your choice lies among the Dean of Barchester, General Smoothbore, and Professor Jawstone, who all look some-

what embarrassed. Following the direction of the General's eye, however, you perceive at hand a figure gazing at Holman Hunt's "Girlhood of St. Ursula" with an expression of rapt and almost religious concentration. This proves to be Hilarius, who, finding himself detected, immediately seizes you by the elbows (his way of shaking hands) and goes through some evolutions which appear to be rather inconvenient to the people about you, who have merely come to look at pictures. Any one looking on would suppose that this was an unexpected meeting after a separation of years, whereas it is not four-and-twenty hours since he greeted you last. But this is only his hearty manner. This over, he drags you off to room No. 9 to show you "something that will make you die with laughing." In so jovial a creature it is strange to observe such a desire for the destruction of life: he is always proposing to tell or show something that will make you die with laughing. He plants you at last before Ansdell's picture of "Goats in the Sierra Nevada," and asks if "that isn't the dead image of him?" What, and the image of whom, you ask. "Why, that," he says, appealing directly to your perceptivity (which, it seems, lies in the region of the ribs) and indicating the senior goat of the group, which he avers to be "the very picture of old Joe Mumbles."

The position is a very difficult one. If, in the vain hope of quieting him, you agree that the resemblance is very striking, and that every friend of Mumbles must be immensely tickled by it, you only put him into better spirits. If, on the other hand, you yield to a not unnatural testiness and declare the pretended similarity to be all stuff, you make him violently demonstrative. You *must* reconsider your verdict. He forces you into a crouching attitude the better to catch the likeness, and hauls you, now this side, now that, to point out how it is exactly Mumbles' eye and Mumbles' beard, and how the artist has unintentionally caught the Mumbles' expression, to refresh your memory on which branch of the subject he gives imitations of Mumbles under different circumstances, until he has riveted the attention of the whole room. He likes this. He says it is "such fun."

Travel, too, stimulates him wonderfully, especially foreign travel. Any shreds of decorum he preserved at home he discards the moment he sets foot on the Continent. Life there he considers to be invariably conducted on the broadest farce principles. He avails himself unstintingly of all the facilities for burlesque afforded by the language, manners, and customs of the country. He loves to deliver, *vivâ voce*, extravagant renderings of inscriptions on walls or in shop windows,

and, if you are so unfortunate as to have him for a travelling companion, to address you in public in a dialect of his own construction, the principle of which is that it is a wild caricature of the tongue of the people about you. He refuses to contemplate the possibility of any one not an Englishman understanding a word of English, so that his criticisms and jokes are free from all restraint, and he has a way of recommending himself to officials, from whom you wish to obtain some information or favour, by cutting into the conversation and investing them with fanciful titles, such as "Old Stick-in-the-mud," "Old Collywobbles;" in consequence of which, perhaps, it is that the concierge curtly tells you that this is not the day for seeing the Museum, and the Chef-de-Gare refuses to mark your through-ticket so as to enable you to dine and go on by the next train. Take him anywhere, at home or abroad, in public or in private, on the top of Mont Blanc or on the top of an omnibus, he is—a very good fellow it may be, but—a most intolerable nuisance. In fact, I can only conceive of two situations in which he can possibly be of any use, comfort, or advantage to his fellow-creatures,—at a picnic, or at a wedding, those being occasions on which, owing to the operation of a natural law, liveliness is apt to be deficient because it is expected. There he might be valuable as a natural

reservoir of spontaneous vivacity : but elsewhere he is, I repeat, a nuisance.

There is a man whom I have been hating for some-time, to whom I can give no title but that of "the man with the voice." He is always associated in my mind with a certain church in the neighbourhood of which I have the misfortune to reside. That church, or rather its steeple, contains, to the perpetual discomfort of the vicinity, what I believe is considered a remarkably fine peal of bells, of which it is apparently very proud. Consequently it never misses an opportunity of airing its chimes. It is scrupulous in acknowledging anniversaries of all sorts with full and noisy honours. No ceremonial of any kind can come off within a radius of three miles, no foundation-stone can be laid, building inaugurated, or new street opened, without that belfry bursting out into an insane hymn of thanksgiving. If the smallest princelet from the Danubian principalities happens to cross the boundaries of the parish the ringers will immediately rush up the steeple and give vent to the parochial joy in a peal of at least an hour's duration ; and when public occasions fail, any local event, such as the vicar having got a new surplice, or the beadle's child being successfully vaccinated, is, I suspect, made to serve as an excuse. There is, besides, a regular weekly jingle (a parishioner of

the last century, an old lady, whose memory can hardly be sufficiently detested, having, I believe, left by will a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings to be rung for every Friday evening), which is, I think, as exasperating and idiotic a performance as ever tortured mortal tympanum, and which always winds up with something that sounds as if the steeple were seized with a gigantic sneezing fit. What with all this,—and the occasional favours of stray amateur ringers, who are afterwards commended in the sporting papers for having rung a complete set of grand-sire triples, whatever they may be, in two hours and forty minutes,—we of the parish might as well be in the “Ringing Island” of Rabelais.

The person I have spoken of as “the man with the voice” is very like that church, and for a similar reason is a plague to all who are unlucky enough to be within ear-shot of him. Nature has unkindly endowed him with a fine organ, of which he is so proud, and of the sound of which he is so enamoured, that he is scarcely ever silent. It is a rich, sonorous bass organ of such a pervading quality that it completely fills a room, and comes rolling and tolling round you, absorbing, as it were, all other sounds. Like the lady’s voice in *Marmion*, it is ever in your ear, and you cannot hear the very friend who is at

the same table with you. There is something in the tone of it that reminds one of that great being who stands behind the chairman's chair at a public dinner, and enjoins upon gentlemen silence for a toast, and to charge their glasses. Indeed, I am rapidly coming to believe as history, what I once in a moment of irritation struck out as a mere theory, that the individual in question is a retired toastmaster, who, having saved money, has become a speaking director in some city company. He is exactly the man to talk of "an enterprise worthy of this great commercial metropolis" in a tone that would carry conviction to all who have ears and are led by them.

The adroitness with which, for the purpose of bringing out his voice, he avails himself of all the most pompous and sonorous words of the language is something marvellous. Not only does he use three words where another would use one, but where an ordinary person would employ a word of one syllable he contrives to get in one of three. Catch him missing an opening for a sesquipedalian term. The mere ceaseless sound of his voice would be aggravation enough, but unfortunately it is impossible to avoid hearing what he says, and of course when a man talks continually his talk must be mainly twaddle. In this particular case it is not too harsh to

say that the talk *is* twaddle. Slightly to parody the words of the poet, he holds it true, whate'er befall, that

'Tis better to have talked rank bosh
Than never to have talked at all.

If he can get nobody else to talk to he will engage one of the club waiters in conversation, quite regardless of the fact that he is depriving other members of their proper share of attendance, and he takes about a quarter of an hour to order his dinner. He is evidently not a person of a very high order of intellect, but it is impossible to suppose him such a fool as to believe that the continuous sound of his voice can be the same pleasure to others that it is to himself. Therefore he must belong to one or other of two classes of people—the purely selfish who never allow the comfort or convenience of others to weigh a grain in the balance against their own gratification; or else the equally objectionable class of those who simply ignore the existence of their fellow-creatures, and in all their doings evince a stolid disregard of the fact that they themselves are not the only beings in creation; the sort of people, in short, who never think of shutting doors behind them, or of making way or room for anybody.

But there is an additional reason for hating the man

with the voice. A man who is *always* doing a particular thing, even though that thing be a perfectly innocent, innocuous thing, is, I maintain, a legitimate object for hatred. Nature has implanted in us an instinctive love of variety and abhorrence of monotony, and any one running counter to this instinct excites a natural animosity. This is the moral underlying the well-known story of the gentleman coming out of Crockford's and kicking the man who was tying his shoe on the doorstep. We have nothing to do with the truth of the allegation that the person kicked was "always tying his shoe:" we have only to consider it as a justification of the kicking, and as such it is complete. Kicking is, perhaps, in a case of the sort, an extreme measure; but that is merely a matter of detail, and does not affect the principle, which is, that monotony of behaviour justifies the feeling of hatred. The particular expression of that feeling will, of course, always depend upon individual temperament.

There is a man, for instance, opposite to whom I have very often the discomfort of sitting, and who is always smiling. Smiling in the abstract, or even a habit of smiling, is not a reasonable ground for enmity. But this man's smile is a fixed and perpetual smile, that never waxes or wanes, but at all times and under all

circumstances, conditions, and weathers remains the same, as if it had been painted on his face by a country sign-board painter. It is also a vague and indefinite smile, which, apparently, has no reference to anything in particular, but is, I suppose, in some way connected with the contemplation of life in general. At first I thought it indicated merely a sort of stolid content with life; but there is a certain perplexity of expression joined with it which is inconsistent with that view. It is the kind of smile a person is apt to put on when told a story, the point of which is given in some language of which he is ignorant; and I incline to the notion that having long puzzled over the problem of life, he has at last arrived at the suspicion that there is a joke of some sort at the bottom of it; and that he wears this perpetual smile as a good provisional expression of countenance, which will not commit him too far, in case it should turn out to be no joke. At any rate there it is, an eternal, fatuous, and exasperating smile. But I have never felt myself called upon to kick that man because he is always smiling. Kicking is not in my line. At the same time, I am bound to say I doubt if I could withhold my sympathy from any gentleman who, suffering as I do, was impelled to go the length of kicking him.

Stodgemore is another man I hate, because he is always

doing something, and also, because that something is of itself disagreeable. Stodgemore's self-imposed mission is to promote the spread of general information in society. I am not aware that society is tortured by a thirst for general information, but he evidently thinks it is, and that he, Stodgemore, is the one man who can satisfy that thirst. He is what is called "a well-informed man." He reminds me of that ogre who used to be introduced in juvenile books. Of course I don't mean the good old-fashioned ogre, who lived in a castle, and had a hearty appetite for children; but that dreadful being who pervades the more modern fiction offered to youth, the instructive uncle of the Peter Parley school, who takes William and James out for a walk, and is able to account for everything in nature, up to the milk in the cocoa-nut; who knows everything, and answers questions such as no William or James yet born ever put, and is diffuse in describing the ingenious structure of a bird's nest when any real William or James would very much rather be robbing it. What he is to young people—or would be if he were not as unreal a creation as ever came from romancer's brain—Stodgemore is to adult society. Conversation ceases to be conversation when he joins in it: it becomes a lecture. He has a strange love for the dry side of every subject, and instead of

helping to lubricate the wheels of social talk, as is the duty of a good citizen and companion, he is ingenious only in introducing grit. We have, all of us, I suppose, felt some curiosity as to that wonderful man who writes those articles in the papers commencing with "It is not generally known," and have rashly fancied, perhaps, that a person with such vast and varied stores of information must be a delightful companion; but a slight acquaintance with Stodgemore will speedily dispel any such curiosity or fancy. Information is a very good thing, and a knowledge of things not generally known is, with certain limitations, desirable; but there are few of us, I imagine, who wish to be always acquiring information, and always imbibing knowledge. Most of us require intervals for digestion, certain periods of unbending, when we are content to leave facts and fallacies alone. This is what Stodgemore will not see. He believes that at all times and seasons it is your duty to learn and his to teach; and so, whether you are in a recipient mood or not, he is always at his post pumping into you. There is nothing you can say or do that he does not seize upon as an opportunity to be improved. If he catches you looking lovingly at the tint of your host's Marcobrunner, he is down upon you with a query as to whether you know the reason why coloured glasses are used for hock;

and on your giving some unscientific answer about its being the fashion, or colour always being pleasant to the eye, he is in great spirits, and for the next half-hour he drills it into you that there are certain rays in the solar spectrum which have the property of decomposing the pyroxylate of balderdash upon which the bouquet of all wines of the hock class depends. Perhaps you foolishly think to stop him by a joke, and in your frivolous way you institute some desperate comparison between a hock-glass and a hic-cup. You might as well think to stop Niagara with a bulrush. You merely afford him new matter, for he at once falls upon you and your wretched joke, and shows that the latter is no joke at all, but simply the offspring of your ignorance, the word being really hic-cough, which, in obedience to Grimm's law, has come to be pronounced as you give it. He is a perfect upas-tree for all things of the nature of jokes, metaphors, playful exaggerations, or jocose similitudes. They cannot live within the range of his breath. Dreadful at all times, he is especially terrible when some exploration of Livingstone, or speculation of Darwin, or new theory about the Gulf-stream, or fresh discovery of kitchen-middens, is running its course as a table-talk topic. Under his didactic treatment you begin to loathe Livingstone, and almost wish Darwin dead.

To be bored is bad enough. But to be bored and to be held bound to feel gratitude for being bored, is a burden too grievous to be borne with patience by any but a highly philosophical temperament, and this it is which intensifies the irritation produced by Stodgemore and his school. They always make it so obvious that they regard you in the light of a person deeply beholden to them.

For the same reason, to some extent, I hate another person,—the man who takes an interest in me. Of course to a properly constituted mind this would be no just cause for hatred. By the way, there are certain phrases which I hate as much as I do any human being, and this is one of them.—“A properly constituted mind” is one of those unmeaning, pompous phrases that have obtained a position beyond their merits because they have an imposing look, and come in well at the end of a sentence. Who ever met a person of a properly constituted mind? I have every possible respect for the present reader, but I am just as certain that he or she is not a person of a properly constituted mind, as I am that he or she is not an Apollo Belvedere or a Venus de' Medici. There has never yet been a properly constituted mind, any more than there has been a living representative of the artist's ideal of corporeal beauty; and I have no doubt perfection in the one case would prove as

disagreeable as it has been argued it would prove in the other. Be this as it may, not having a properly constituted mind, I hate the man who takes an interest in me, because, while I don't in the least want his interest, he shows me very plainly that he considers it lays me under an obligation. Theoretically, of course, one ought to be obliged to people who take an interest in one. It is so kind and benevolent of them ; besides, what earthly good can they get by it, if it isn't the mere pleasure springing from benevolence? But there are people who take an interest in you because taking an interest in people is their main occupation in life ; who seem to have nothing else to do but to go about the world taking an interest in people ; who take an interest in you as others take an interest in ferns or polyps ; to whom you furnish a study and a pursuit. Now, I submit it is rather hard to be expected to feel thankful for an interest of this sort. The man who takes an interest in you in this way shows it in making himself acquainted with the minutest details concerning you, and you are painfully conscious in his company of being what I may call pigeon-holed,—of being methodically entered in his mental register as a person of such and such ways and habits, and such and such ideas. From time to time he takes stock of you,—to use a commercial phrase,—to see whether

you have changed at all, and whether it may be necessary to make any alterations in the estimate he has made of you. He is quick in detecting any variation. "Why, how is this?" he says. "You say you like A, and yet you used to like B, you know." He seems rather aggrieved that you did not send him notice of the change, and, in fact, treats you very much as the Registrar-General treats the birth and death rate of the kingdom. Like that functionary he is, he conceives, necessary to your welfare; he firmly believes you could not get on without him. When he pays you a visit of inspection he does not call it a visit. He "looks in on you," as if he were a sort of Sun, but for whose countenance your life must be an Arctic winter, devoid of light or warmth; and he has a happy knack of looking in on you at moments when your occupation is in some way specially calculated to afford him new material for a note about you. He finds you, let us say, conning the almanac of the year before last, which you have just taken up to see when the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race of that year came off, and at once pounces upon your employment as a characteristic eccentricity. Naturally you don't care to explain or apologize in such a case, least of all to him, and down you go forthwith as a person whose habitual oddity is reading old almanacs. While your life and his

last he never forgets this circumstance, for his is usually one of those minds which, without a great capacity for a variety of ideas, are remarkable for the tenacity with which they hold any idea they have once taken in. From that time forth when you meet him his greeting is, "Been reading any old almanacs lately; eh?" or (should his interest in you take a less jocular and more earnest tone) if he hears you confess to not having yet had leisure to do something, he gently reminds you of the discovery by remarking that "if you didn't waste your time reading old almanacs you would have plenty of leisure for useful pursuits." It is this air of inquisitive superiority that makes him especially odious. He is always on the look-out for instances of deviation on your part from the line he has chalked out as the only one to be followed. He is always at you with questions of "Why do you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" He is, in short, one of those wearisome people of whom you ask only one favour—that they will leave you alone; which happens to be, of all others, just the favour they cannot bring themselves to grant you.

As I said at the beginning, a little honest self-examination will prove to the satisfaction of any one that he hates a great many more people than he at first supposed. The above are all specimens of definite

hatreds, the causes of which are obvious, and which can be explained without invoking the aid of metaphysics, But besides these there is a class of hatreds which cannot be traced to any definite cause. Your dislike of Doctor Fell will sometimes ripen and deepen into the more positive form of antipathy ; and in the latter stage, as in the former, the reason why you cannot tell. Or, if you can tell the reason, you cannot persuade yourself that it is a fair and a just reason.

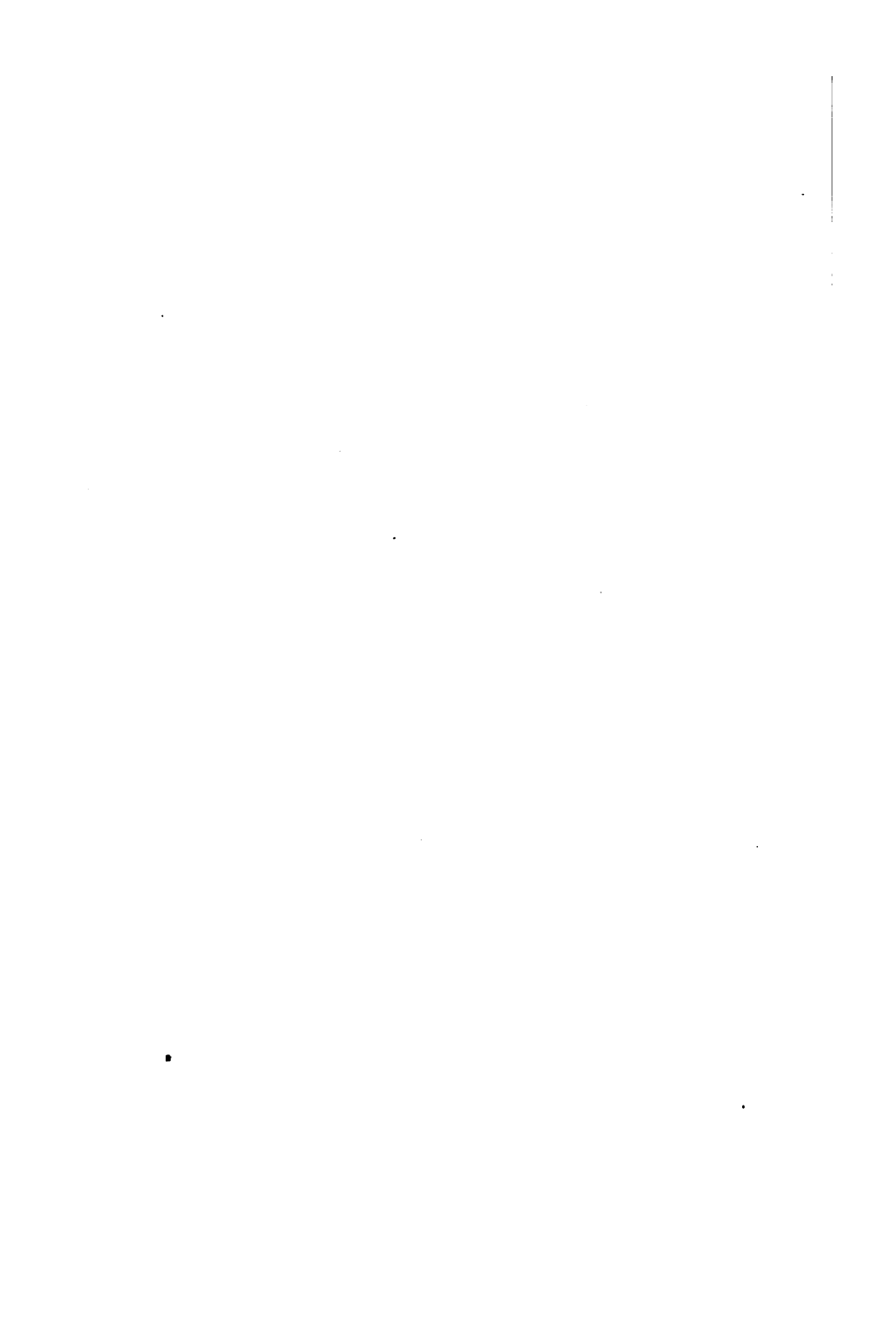
Let me give an example to wind up with. You hate, or, at least, if you don't, I do—the man who is everywhere. Arguing the matter with yourself dispassionately, you must admit there is nothing in ubiquity to justify the feeling of hatred, and yet, unless you are a philosopher, it is next to impossible not to hate the man who, wherever you go, is there likewise ; against whom you run at every turn ; from whom you seem to have no escape ; who is, in fact, as far as you are concerned, everywhere. It may be that the animosity is reciprocal, and that he, when *you* make your appearance, also mutters, "Confound that fellow, he's everywhere !" but this, of course, only strengthens the proposition that the feeling is natural, though no doubt irrational. But the most interesting problem is whether the man who is everywhere is absolutely so, or is merely linked by

fate with you in particular ; whether, when other people get, let us say, a special invitation card requesting the honour of their presence at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Stoke Pogis Athenæum, they also invariably find the man who is everywhere in one of the best seats, and on the best possible terms with the authorities, which is your unfailing experience of him. Or is he simply a being whose walk in life is in some mysterious way connected with yours, so that where he goes you are constrained to go, and where you go, there destiny compels him to turn up? As far as the aggravation goes, it matters very little which hypothesis you adopt. Whether or not there are others who are similarly affected, it is sufficient for you that you cannot present yourself at fête or flower show, private view or morning concert, without encountering the man who is everywhere.

It is on the more private occasions that you especially resent his ubiquity. In some nook in the Bavarian highlands, perhaps, you have contracted that sort of acquaintance which ripens so rapidly under the roof of a mountain inn, with a very pleasant man in knickerbockers, whose *spécialité* seems to be the political complications in Central Europe, but who, when the period for exchanging cards arrives, turns out to be

Richard Tinto, R.A., an artist whose works have delighted you many a year. One result is a friendly note (stamped with the Tinto monogram, which at a monogram show took the third prize for illegibility), when April comes round, asking you to look in at his studio to see his Academy pictures before the crush comes. You are flattered. It is clear that you have made an impression on Tinto, since he doesn't treat you as one of the common herd, but as a judicious connoisseur, and a person whose friendship is worth cultivating. You go, and the first thing you see is the man who is everywhere, sitting critically in front of the "Awakening of Barbarossa" and making a telescope of his hands. He calls Tinto "Dick." Or, say, while taking the waters at Vichy you become rather intimate with Lord Lumbago, who is also going through the course, and his Lordship is kind enough to express a hope about meeting in town next season. Strange to say, you do meet, and not only that, but you go to dine at Lumbago House, not a little elated (if you will confess it to yourself) at being on such friendly terms with such a distinguished member of the peerage. But your conceit is soon checked. There, on the hearthrug, stands the man who is everywhere, flapping his handkerchief in an easy, quite-at-home sort of fashion. "You know Ubique?" your host remarks, and Ubique

“rather thinks you do,” and the chances are that the general impression about you is that you are there as Ubique’s friend. That he should be everywhere you go is bad enough, but that he should be everywhere a thousand times more at home than you are, this it is which makes him so odious. If you are a guest at one of the princely banquets of the worshipful Company of Pincushion-makers, not only is he a guest also, but he is intimate with the prime warden and all the magnates, while you only know one common-councilman ; and if you travel, not only does he contrive to be on board the same steamboat, but he knows the captain. If this is not a man to be hated, all I can say is, I know nothing about hatred considered as a natural feeling.



A LETTER TO A LAW REFORMER.

A LETTER TO A LAW REFORMER.

IF your lordship is looking out for a light job in the Law-reform line, I have one to propose. A short Act which would have the effect of keeping ladies out of law would be an incalculable benefit to the Sex and to the Public. I cannot fancy that either branch of the legal profession would offer any opposition. It is impossible that lady-clients can be profitable. It is an instinct with lovely woman, under all circumstances, to get at least the worth of her money, and she has no idea whatever of the value of time ; to persons therefore with whom time is money, she must surely be an undesirable customer. A more important consideration is the public time. Every one who reads his newspaper attentively must have remarked the frightful increase of late years in female litigation. I do not, of course, allude particularly to the

Divorce Court, nor, for that matter, do I refer to actions for breach of promise. All I say is, female plaintiffs have become common phenomena in our law courts to an extent that seriously affects public interests. In the first place, it will be observed that there is a peculiar tortuousness and intricacy about female cases, arising either from a hopeless confusion of facts, or from an absence of facts altogether. In the next, the fair litigants seem to have the power of infusing into their legal representatives some portion of their own loquacity, for the speeches made on their behalf are generally as long again as those in other cases. Then their perseverance—obstinacy some people would call it—is such that they will fight on to the death, or to the House of Lords. Like the British soldier, they never know when they are beaten, and will appeal from court to court, and bring motions upon motions, which put the judges—as a class the most courteous of mankind—into great difficulties between the rival calls of duty and chivalry. And then they have a way of coming down and sitting in court all day long, which is fraught with most destructive and distracting consequences to the junior bar. In that Sahara of argument and horsehair the presence of Woman, her bonnet, gloves, etc., is a thing so striking, and withal so refreshing, that one cannot wonder at the effect it produces on those simple-minded ascetics.

But, instead of standing on tiptoe, trying to catch a glimpse of that Venus with attorneys for attendant Graces, Brown ought to be polishing up his report, Jones studying Serjeant Buzfuz's style of cross-examination, and Robinson waiting patiently in another court for his case, which is only five down the list. Surely it is not right that these susceptible St. Anthonys should be thus exposed to temptation and drawn away from occupations which promise profit to themselves and advantage to their country. A law court ought to be a sort of male harem: female witnesses should be compelled to wear impenetrable veils and unbecoming dresses: and the most frightful and cross-grained old laundresses that could be procured from the Temple should be trained to guard its portals, and sew up in a crinoline any daring feminine intruder.

Hitherto I have advocated this reform purely as a matter of public policy, and I submit that even were there no other argument, those I have already adduced are sufficient to support it. Having appealed to your lordship as a legislator, and a law-reformer, I now proceed to appeal to you as a man.

There are certain occupations in which, in a civilized state, woman should never be allowed to participate, not necessarily because there is any inherent evil in them, but simply because they have a tendency to substitute

hardness and angularity for softness and roundness. The traveller who for the first time goes up the Rhine looks in vain for those "peasant girls with deep blue eyes" that the poet's strong imagination has led him to expect. He sees, indeed, certain hard-featured, ill-favoured, androgynous creatures, with some remote resemblance to women, who don't offer early flowers, or walk smiling o'er any paradise, but painfully toil up vineyard paths with manure on their backs. This is what field-labour has brought the peasant girls of the Rhine to, and the dreary fields of the law produce a corresponding moral effect. Once Woman takes to digging in that garden of bitter herbs the distinguishing charms of her character begin to fade away. The gracious curves of her disposition give place to bony angles. Her whole nature becomes hardened, morally callosified. It is terrible to see with what fierce energy she throws her whole soul into the new pursuit. To man's more phlegmatic nature law offers few attractions, and it seldom becomes a passion with him. But with woman it is different, as the experience of many cases of late years shows. Once she has dabbled in law she is like a tiger that has tasted blood. She cannot stop. A new power has been developed in her, and she revels in the sense of it, and is ever on the look out for fresh opportunities of proving it.

“But,” it will be said, “when women are wronged, what are they to do? They must have justice.” This is altogether a mistake. The darlings have nothing whatever to do with justice. Why is it that in the lower walks of society, lovely woman too frequently appears with a black eye? The reason is obvious. Because there she herself frequently shows a disposition and an ability to give black eyes, and when she does, she knocks chivalry on the head also. By electing to fight man with his own weapons, she practically unsexes herself, and throws away the strong advantage of confessed weakness. I believe there is enough manhood in the most barbarous back slum in London to make its population rise like one man to chastise the ruffian who lifted his hand against her, were she really unresisting and defenceless. But when she takes to hard hitting, it is no wonder if they sometimes forget that it was a woman’s arm that delivered the blow.

So it is in the other case. By insisting upon fighting her own battles, by condescending to meet man upon his own ground, she waives the privileges of her sex: she sinks the woman in the plaintiff, and rejects the services of that doughty champion Society. Let her be without a remedy at law, make her in truth an unprotected female, and woe betide the villain who dare do

her wrong. Outraged society would rend him limb from limb.

A short Act, I presume, would suffice, with a preamble stating the grievance in neat and elegant language : Whereas that section of her Majesty's subjects commonly called, known, and described as the fair sex, is at present harshly, unjustly, and iniquitously degraded to the level of certain other but inferior subjects of her Majesty—to wit, the male population of the United Kingdom—by being allowed to take certain proceedings—to wit, law proceedings—in her Majesty's courts of justice, and to have recourse to certain tricks, artifices, and dodges, the property of and invented by the other—to wit, the un-fair sex : and whereas it has been found that such proceedings are tedious and long-winded, and occupy an unreasonable portion of her Majesty's time : and whereas certain persons, called reporters, at the instigation of the printer's devil, do set forth such proceedings at an unjustifiable length in the public press, to the distraction of her Majesty's subjects and the corruption of good manners : be it enacted, etc.

To one so skilled as your lordship in the practical part of legislation, it would be impertinent to offer any suggestions as to the form which such an enactment should take. I content myself, therefore, with suggesting the

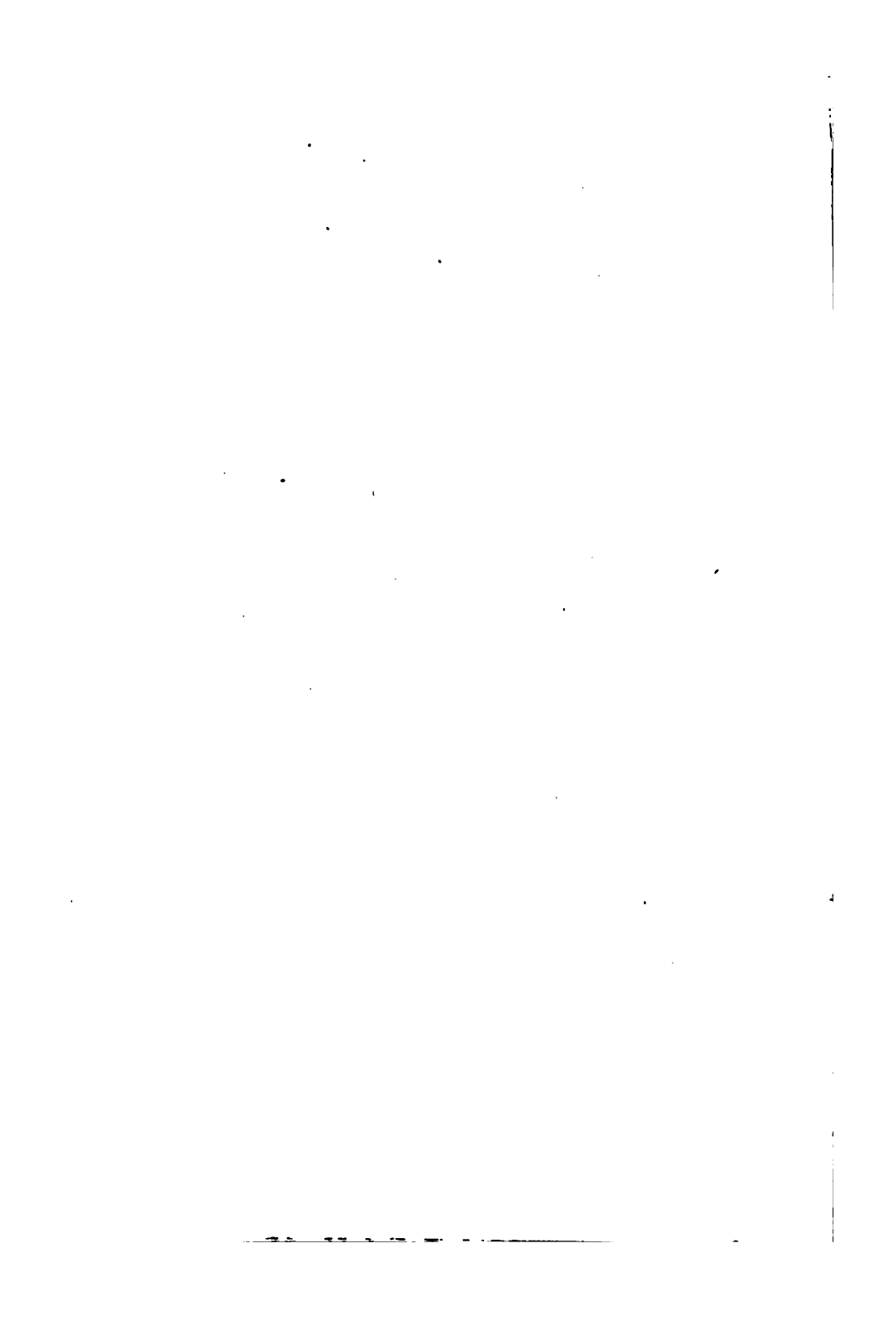
mere idea ; and if I am over-bold in doing so, it is because your lordship is not less distinguished by exalted patriotism than by chivalrous devotion to Woman, and also because I know no one so well qualified to stand forth as the champion of all that is summed up in the comprehensive words of the poet—"England, Home, and Beauty." I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

Most humble servant.



SWIFT ON THE TURF.



SWIFT ON THE TURF.

A SUPPRESSED PASSAGE OF "GULLIVER."



IT would be premature, perhaps, to assert that the papers in the handwriting of Swift lately found in St. Patrick's (better known as Marsh's) Library in Dublin will add much to our literature or to our knowledge of the man; but the discovery is unquestionably one of deep literary interest. The quaint old library in the cathedral close was something more than a mere haunt of the Dean's. It seems to have been his study, his workshop, his retreat, during the greater part of what may justly be called his reign in Ireland. Here, as his marginal pencil-marks show, he gathered hints for Gulliver from Cyrano de Bergerac and Hall's "Mundus alter et idem." Here he wrote the Drapier's Letters and that over-subtle and much misunderstood satire, his

"Modest Proposal" for fattening the privileged classes on the children of the poor. Here he administered caresses or cuffs, as his humour inclined, to his adoring Irish subjects. Here, too, if anywhere, save in the presence of Stella, his balked ambition and his banishment were forgotten, and *sæva indignatio* ceased for a time to tear the heart of the great lonely cynic. The relics brought to light are, it seems, for the most part mere scribblings, scrawls made as if to try a pen; words written down as though to test some question of orthography (spelling was still rather arbitrary in 1720, and Swift was somewhat of a precisian on that head); sometimes, too, words which look like experiments in the Houyhnhnm language, put down to verify the monstrosity of their appearance before their admission into the manuscript; and here and there a stray note of a page or reference to an author. Of the very few that deserve the title of writings, the one which we are enabled to lay before our readers is in many respects the most curious and interesting. Why Swift excluded the following fragment from its proper place in the fourth part of Gulliver must be left to conjecture. Probably it was from the fear of giving offence to some of his oldest and dearest friends. Writing in Ireland, he was no doubt aware in a general way that a passion

for racing and turf speculation then prevailed in England; that the Darley Arabian was spoken of in terms that would have seemed extravagant if applied to the founder of a dynasty, and that "Newmarket fame and judgment at a bet" were more valued in society than a reputation for wit or wisdom. But when he made his journey to London in the spring of 1726, he found that the mania had infected his own circle of friends. Pope, indeed, busy on the "Dunciad," had escaped, and Arbuthnot's Scotch caution had kept him safe; but Bolingbroke, to the peril of his then newly recovered patrimony, had taken to bookmaking with that energy which he threw into everything he attempted; and Gay, not cured of gambling by the South Sea Bubble, was investing the proceeds of "The Captives" by backing the Duke of Queensberry's stable in the most reckless manner and at the most ruinous prices. Others there were, no doubt, in the same case, but it was enough that these two might possibly be hurt by his strictures on the turf to induce Swift to suppress them. This, we think, may have been the reason why the leaves on which the following was written were not deposited with the rest of the manuscript in the hands of Mr. Benjamin Motte at the Middle Temple Gate, in Fleet Street. Their presence in Marsh's Library may, perhaps,

be attributed to the writer's desire to preserve the secret of the authorship of his immortal work. It might not have been safe to allow so dangerous a piece of evidence to remain at the Deanery. At any rate, here is the fragment. It seems to have been intended to form a portion of the fourth chapter of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.

My Master expressed so lively an indignation at the treatment beings of the Houyhnhnm race received among us, that I was forced to make such excuse as I could for my dear countrymen. I assured him that, notwithstanding all I had said, no creatures were held in higher honour or esteem in my country, whereof I gave him many instances. It was true that Horses, as we called our Houyhnhnms, were ridden as I had described, but in the case of those of the nobler sort the indignity was made as slight as possible, for we encouraged a special breed of exceedingly light and small Yahoos for this purpose, whom we clothed in the brightest and gayest colours, whereby, I submitted to his Honour, the disgrace of carrying so vile a creature was rendered somewhat more endurable. I explained to him that these high-born Houyhnhnms were never set, to any menial task; that all that was required of them was to show

their speed in running and to propagate their species ; and that when they ran, so great was the respect entertained for them, our Yahoos flocked from all parts in hundreds of thousands to do homage to them and to wait upon them. I assured him that public affairs or private concerns were never allowed to interfere with this duty. That though a war or pestilence might be raging, no one gave such matters any consideration while it remained doubtful which of a dozen Houyhnhnms was the fastest ; that a great number of our Yahoos devoted their lives to recording the lineage and recounting the achievements of these Houyhnhnms, and thought and talked of nothing else ; and that if it became known that a Houyhnhnm of birth and distinction was sick, nay, if he even lost relish for his oats or was heard to cough, it created more sorrow and uneasiness throughout the land than the distemper of one of our wisest and best Yahoos.

This, my Master said, explained some things which had a little perplexed him. It was plain that the Yahoos of my country were somewhat superior to those of his own. He had observed that I was, so he was pleased to say, a cleaner, more tractable, and less greedy animal, and from what I had said it seemed that we had in some degree the faculty of distinguishing right from

wrong, though it did not appear to influence our actions. He now saw, he said, what made this difference ; That, keeping company with Houyhnhnms in the manner I had described, we had contracted some slight tincture of their virtues, which in a measure checked the natural propensities of the Yahoo race, and he could not but admire our wisdom in maintaining a number of these superior beings for the sake of the example they afforded.

I could not forbear smiling at his Honour's ignorance, and, though I would fain have let the matter rest here, yet, being loth to attempt a concealment of the truth before so wise and noble a person, I assured him that familiarity with Houyhnhnms did not produce those effects among us which he imagined ; That, on the contrary, it seemed rather to aggravate some of the worst qualities of Yahoo nature ; That in our Courts of Justice it had become a proverb that those Yahoos who were most intimate with Houyhnhnms invariably *said the thing which was not*, and that no one in his senses ever believed a word that was said on either side in one of their disputes ; That in general in a matter touching a Houyhnhnm a Yahoo would seldom scruple to deceive his own father, and that all I could perceive our Yahoos ever learned by contact with these virtuous creatures

was additional cunning, and a violent passion for out-witting each other. It was not, I added, in order to have a model of decency or virtue before our eyes, nor to encourage the breed of a noble and comely animal, nor even for the pleasure of observing their speed and vigour, but solely for the sake of gain, that we were at such pains to maintain these Houyhnhnms. I explained to his Honour as well as I was able our method of wagering on horse-races. My neighbour, said I, I will suppose, is of opinion that a certain Houyhnhnm is swifter than any of those opposed to him, while I know that by reason of some infirmity or other cause he cannot win. I therefore entice my neighbour into a bargain, whereby it is agreed between us that if this Houyhnhnm succeeds I give my cow to my neighbour, but if he fails my neighbour shall give his cow to me. This kind of compact, which is called a bet, is made with complete confidence on both sides,—he believing me to be a fool, and I knowing him to be ignorant. There was a tribe of Yahoos among us, I said, whose sole occupation was making bargains of this kind. And being no stranger to their arts, having been many times at Newmarket in my youth, I gave him a full description of the method of giving and taking Odds, Handicapping, Scratching, and also of Hocussing, Pulling,

Bishōpping, Bribing, and other contrivances : every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand. I was going on to more particulars when my master said that he had heard enough to convince him of his mistake : That there could be no doubt the Yahoos of my country were right Yahoos in every respect, for everything I said showed them to have the same propensities with those brutes. He had observed, he said, that a piece of ass's flesh or a root never seemed to be so toothsome (if I may so translate the word *nyamnyamh*) to a Yahoo as when he had obtained it by fraud or cunning from another Yahoo, and that one of them would sometimes spend a whole day in endeavouring to filch away a single root from another, even in a field where roots might be had for the digging ; which his Honour would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our

Here, unfortunately, the paper ends, and we are left in the dark as to the precise nature of "his Honour's" views. But, fragment as it is, this little scrap of Swift's writing, so curiously preserved to our day, cannot fail to have a deep interest for the student of English literature and English life.

BOYS.

BOYS.

"Of the page I make no account, for he is a boy, and therefore the natural enemy of Creation."—CHARLES DICKENS.

PHYSIOLOGISTS, we believe, have discovered, or at any rate have demonstrated, that there are facts to justify the poet in holding the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child. The Caucasian brain, they say, even in its earliest stage of development, is shown by its convolutions to be as highly organized a structure as the brain of the adult negro ; and by the time the period of childhood is reached it is on a level with that of the Mongol. It may be that this line of investigation, when pushed a little further, will throw some light upon a question which has from time immemorial puzzled parents and guardians, perplexed legislators and magistrates, and generally troubled society. Why should that section of

man's life commonly known as boyhood be distinguished by that bitter hostility to civilization and order which is only too frequently shown to be its leading characteristic? Why should it be impossible to take up a newspaper without finding that two boys, aged nine and ten respectively, have been endeavouring to upset an excursion train by placing obstacles of some sort on the rails, or flinging stones at it from a bridge, or attempting to set fire to a dwelling-house, or blowing up a letter-box, or burning down a bobbin-mill, like those amiable youths at Barnsley some years ago, or beating a little girl to death for wearing green ribbons, like those others at Manchester, or engaged in some other enterprise which had for its object the destruction of life, or property, or both? Why should it be that, when agitators in London or Paris want to get up a little disturbance and intimidate or annoy society, they can always get any number of boys to over-set kiosks, or pull down railings, or smash lamps and windows, and perform other services the mere performance of which is obviously a sufficient reward for the labour? If there be anything in the theory we have mentioned, it offers an explanation of this mystery. If the civilized man in arriving at maturity does really pass through stages corresponding with the various degrees of moral development to be found in the human family, and

if in babyhood he is to be considered the analogue of the negro, then, assuredly, in boyhood he is the representative of the Red Indian. This fact—of which, by the way, that acute philosopher Sam Weller seems to have had an inkling when he charged a boy with behaving “with as much politeness as a wild Indian”—cannot of course be considered as fairly established until a boy and a Choctaw have been placed side by side and dissected by some competent anatomist; but in the meantime we have abundance of collateral evidence tending to support it. Of all human beings the boy and the red man are the only two to whom cruelty *per se* is a pleasure. With some others the infliction of pain may be to some extent an element in the pleasure derived from a sport, but with the boy and the red man it is a sport in itself. All experienced travellers are agreed as regards the one, and as to the other, to quote the words of Mr. Lecky in his “History of Morals”—“few persons who have watched the habits of boys would question that to take pleasure in giving at least some degree of pain is sufficiently common.”

Nevertheless, in the one case as in the other, society has always indulged in a deceptive sentimentalism. We hear people talk of the fine, free, generous nature of boys, just as we hear them talk of the noble red

man of the forest, the noble savage, the gentleman of nature, etc., when they really mean a greasy, whooping, screeching, tomahawking savage. In the second place, the boy and the red man are the only two varieties of the human animal that evince an implacable enmity to civilization, and upon whose natures it fails to exercise any influence for good. The difference in this respect is merely one of opportunity and circumstance. The Indian has comparatively few chances of declaring his sentiments. The utmost he can do is to massacre a family of settlers now and then, or, just at present, tear up a piece of Pacific Railway, and scalp a few station-masters and stokers. The boy, on the other hand, has a much wider range of opportunities, but he is unable to make use of them in the same complete and satisfactory manner. Society is rather too strong for him, and the expression of his feelings, though varied in kind, is limited in degree.

In studying any animal we must of course take that variety which on the whole appears to be most typical and least affected by disturbing influences. It would be idle to expect sound deductions as to the nature of the ox from an examination of a stall-fed shorthorn, or of the dog from an inquiry into the habits of a puppet-show "Toby." So for purposes of boy-study we must not

select a specimen cowed, subdued, stiffened, and made unnaturally gentlemanlike under the system of a Dr. Blimber, but rather go to some breed less widely removed from the natural animal, such as, for instance, that which the penny-a-liner, with his usual flowery infelicity, insists upon calling the "street Arab"—the most monstrous, perhaps, even of his misnomers; for if there is a being in every respect the opposite of the grave, decorous, reverential Arab, it is the boy of the streets. No one who has observed *him* with any degree of attention can doubt that the street boy is the natural enemy of adult man, and that it is to him a condition of existence to defy the laws of society and elude the policeman. The better to carry out the great purpose of his life, in choosing, not merely his sports and pastimes, but even his industrial occupations, he is always guided by the amount of annoyance he will be enabled to inflict upon his senior fellow-creatures. It is for this reason that we find him, even when comparatively reclaimed, specially affecting such employments as furnish him with an opportunity for giving loud and sudden knocks, uttering shrill and startling cries, delivering irritating messages—such vocations as those of the youth who brings the newspaper, the printer's boy, the telegraph-office lad. In the streets his ingenuity is chiefly displayed in the way he

carries awkward articles entrusted to him. Every one with a knowledge of boy-nature knows that if you wish to send, from one end of London to the other, anything inconveniently shaped and difficult to manage in a crowd,—say a small ladder, or a curtain-pole, or a few yards of gas-tubing, or a pair of gigshafts,—you can always get a boy to carry it for a trifling remuneration, if not for nothing. The facilities which the task affords for exasperating mankind, by poking it in the ribs and stomach, are to him more than gold or silver. On these occasions, and indeed whatever may be the nature and form of the burden, be it tray, basket, or parcel, his philosophy has taught him that the maximum of pain to the world and pleasure to himself may be secured by carrying his load on his head and resolutely keeping his hands in his pockets. The advantages of this precaution are twofold. In the first place, the position of the article is more favourable for the infliction of injury, and there is more pleasing variety and chance about its evolutions than when carried in the hand ; and secondly, there is the prospect that in some lucky collision it may fall on somebody's toes, or at any rate receive some damage itself ; and damage to any product of skill or labour always has a soothing effect on the street-boy's mind.

In his amusements he is governed by the same principles. Whatever may be the laws of any game he plays at, its great end is to bring him into collision with civilized man. One of these, so far as its conditions can be guessed at by the uninitiated, seems to be a sort of human skittles. It is played by a number of boys who retire up an archway, or alley, or round a corner, in the neighbourhood of some crowded thoroughfare, and then, on a given signal, rush forth, as from an ambush, into the very thick of the passers-by. Owing to the well-known hardness of boyhood's skull, the effect is generally striking, and is heightened by the player assuming that he is the injured party, and paying ironical compliments to his victim's eyesight and circumspection. The present taste for athletic and acrobatic performances has produced a modification of this game, played by urchins who turn over and throw "cart-wheels," and go through a variety of gymnastic feats among the legs of her Majesty's subjects. It is a fiction with them that they do so for halfpence thrown by passengers on omnibuses. But no stimulus of this sort is required ; the satisfaction derived from tripping people up, knocking against them and dirtying their coats, is quite sufficient. In summer, when active exercise is less necessary to his health and enjoyment, he amuses himself with certain toys made with a

view to the production of discomfort. These are generally sold in the public streets by a fiend in human form (most likely a grown-up street-boy), and come in and go out and vary in principle and construction, just as the shapes of bonnets do. The last fashion—it was very much in vogue during the past summer—was a ball attached to an india-rubber string, and intended to be thrown at the countenance of any person who appeared to be sufficiently nervous for the purposes of the game. The string did not allow it to hit him, and the joke was to see him needlessly jerk his head back and bring it into contact with a lamp-post or the head of somebody else. There is one toy which never seems to go out of fashion, its peculiarly aggravating properties having secured it an undying popularity. We need scarcely say we allude to the cat, more fully called the “tip-cat,” which may always be seen flying about quiet streets in fine weather. To walk up a narrow passage like St. Martin’s Court, when there is a youth engaged in this pastime at the farther end, requires considerably more nerve than to storm a battery, for it is by no means a case in which “*momento cita mors venit aut victoria lata*.” With the characteristic cruelty of his species he keeps you in suspense as long as he can, and as you advance towards him, makes many “offers” and misses before he blinds you with his

abominable little missile. Warfare against society is, in short, what he lives for, and if he had only the power, any member of society, say a policeman, would fare just as badly in his hands as a stray Salt Lake emigrant in those of a war party of Arapahoes.

The policeman, to be sure, is an extreme case, for, besides the natural hatred due to him as an adult and a member of society, he is odious to the street boy from the nature of his duties. He is hated not only as a man but as a policeman, for it is always his unfortunate function to stand between the boy and his dearest pleasures. Whenever there is a fire, or a fight, or an upset, or a run-over, or any other opportunity for the contemplation of suffering or loss to the sons of men, just as the boy is at the very height of his enjoyment the policeman is sure to appear, drive him back, and interpose a form aggravatingly bulky and opaque between him and the sight which was affording him unmixed gratification. This conduct is especially irritating at a fire, for it may be observed that boys always take a peculiar interest in a fire. They have, somehow, got into a way of regarding it as something specially got up for their entertainment, and indeed of all ordinary disasters there is none so well calculated to afford them thorough satisfaction. There is, at the very least, the destruction of property to be

witnessed, which is always delightful. If it should luckily happen to be in a dwelling-house, there is the additional pleasure derived from the terror and confusion of the inmates, and the chance of the sublime treat of seeing them carried out more or less scorched and wrapped up in blankets, not to speak of the possibility of some one being entirely roasted. From this paradise of delights at the policeman's bidding the boy has to "stand back," and sometimes so far that he can only hear the distant sobs of the labouring engine; and at the supreme moment, when the roof falls in, he is left to his own imagination to estimate the amount of damage done, and the probabilities of life lost. Consequently there are few spectacles so soothing to the boy-mind as that of a policeman in difficulty, and for this reason boys may be always observed to muster strong in the neighbourhood of police-stations for the sake of seeing the force involved in taking charge of troublesome cases of intoxication. An elderly lady on her way to the station, while suffering under that form of inebriety which makes the patient lie down and kick every dozen yards, and between halts bite and scratch the officer, is a sight particularly refreshing to the boy, presenting as it does two beings with whom he is at feud under humiliating and uncomfortable circumstances.

For if the boy hates the policeman, he hates lovely woman too ; and it must be confessed that in this case also he has some reason for the antipathy, because unquestionably lovely woman hates *him*. The affection of mother and son apart,—which is purely a matter of instinct, a mere animal attachment,—no woman ever yet was fond of boys. There is a natural antagonism between them. Women are conservative by temperament ; boys are naturally revolutionary. Women are lovers of order ; disorder in all its forms is what boys love. All the feelings that are strongest in women, reverence, pity, tenderness, sympathy with suffering, are in boys “conspicuous by their absence.” Naturally, therefore, there is no love lost on either side. Lovely woman in distress excites in the boy’s mind emotions the very opposite of those with which the late Mr. T. P. Cooke used to boast himself inspired ; and she on her part is at no pains to conceal the fact that she considers him an imp, an aggravating toad, and a young monkey. She loses no opportunity of impressing upon him that he is an inferior being, and possibly the natural misanthropy of boys is occasionally intensified by the depressing theories as to their own physical constitution imbibed while still under female domination. From woman’s lips they learn that—

“Snips and snails and puppy-dogs’ tails—
That’s what little boys are made of ;”

while, with a perhaps pardonable partiality to her own sex, she declares that—

“Sugar and spice and all that’s nice—
That’s what little *girls* are made of.”

“ Quibus
Meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.”

It may be that some of the unsatisfactory qualities of boys are in part due to the despair and the envy which such a gloomy account of their comparative anatomy would naturally produce. If we cannot accept the view literally, it must be admitted there is something in it figuratively. In all other animals the difference between the sexes at an early age is trifling ; in man it is very striking. To take a familiar illustration from the streets—since that excellent piece of legislation, sometimes called “the Bass Relief Act,” has been in operation, a vast number of barrel-organs have been altered, and instead of grinding the “Trovatore” where it was not wanted, they now supply reels, jigs, and hornpipes to neighbourhoods where such things are thoroughly enjoyed. It is scarcely possible to look into a back street in London now without seeing an organ-grinder at work, and several couples of little girls dancing, often gracefully,

always prettily and happily. But nobody ever saw any boys joining in that innocent amusement; though it must be allowed they do sometimes cut in and perform evolutions in the nature of a war-dance round the organist, to whom they address certain traditional scraps of gibberish, supposed to be injurious expressions of an intensely irritating character out of some foreign language, no matter what, but intelligible and galling to him as an alien. And here it may be observed that the boy has this immense advantage, that he is, above all creatures, entirely *ἀναίδης*—no one English word hits off the quality precisely—that, as he respects nothing, so he is totally free from the weakness of self-respect, and knows not what it is to feel himself contemptible or ridiculous. Hence, in giving annoyance, he is never checked by any sense of degradation. He would coat himself from head to foot with mud an inch thick if he thought there was a chance of running against a well-dressed fellow-creature and escaping unthrashed. This, joined with an almost diabolical ingenuity in devising modes of aggravation, makes him nearly as accomplished a tormentor as his congener the Red Indian. We once saw the Strand thrown into terror, confusion, and distress by the unaided wit of two boys. It was one of those foggy, damp December evenings, when the lamps look like blurred moons,

and objects twenty yards off are all but undistinguishable, and the pavement is as slippery as if all the clowns of all the theatres had been practising the making of butter-slides for the coming pantomimes. These playful youths had got a suit of old clothes and some straw, out of which they had made up an image sufficiently like a man to pass muster in that uncertain light. With this, counterfeiting the action of affectionate sons leading home a beloved but intoxicated father, they would suddenly appear in front of some passing omnibus, and then, affecting to lose all presence of mind, allow their helpless parent to fall almost under the feet of the horses. The scene may be imagined. Terror of the passengers, horror of the driver, horses down through having been sharply turned aside or pulled up on the greasy pavement, general agitation ; which culminated at length when an omnibus with more way on than usual actually passed over the body, the wretched driver of course suffering the mental agonies of a homicide until relieved by seeing the straw intestines of his victim.

The greatest misery to the greatest number is, in fact, the aim of the boy's philosophy, and it is worth noticing how, even when apparently tamed and civilized, and ostensibly earning an honest livelihood, he contrives to make his vocation conducive to that great end. Hence

his partiality for callings which enable him to persecute society under the pretence of seeking custom, such as that of the shoeblack, importunate to "Clean your boots, sir," when you have no need of him, or the evening-paper vendor, breaking in upon your meditations with his shrill recommendation of the last horrible murder. Even when civilization has done its utmost to expel nature by modifying the boy into the "young gentleman," nature will sometimes break out. Illustrations only too familiar are to be found in the boy with the mechanical turn, and the boy with the chemical turn: young imps so-called because they have been discovered destroying the furniture, or making a stench with some bottled nastiness, and have been in consequence set up with a tool-chest or a "youth's laboratory" by an addle-headed old uncle who has some confused notion that it was in this way the genius of Watt or of Faraday first showed itself. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the sufferings of the household where this occurs, but fortunately they are seldom of very long duration. Sooner or later the young philosopher disables himself with his tools, or is "hoist with his own petard" while in pursuit of his grand arcanum, that explosive compound which shall combine the greatest possible amount of noise, smoke, and smell.

But these are merely varieties of the boy, and as such

they have as little connection with our subject as that highly artificial specimen who is prematurely particular about his boots, generally dressy, and partial to ladies' society, and who is to the boy pure and simple very much what the town Indian, with a civilization consisting of trousers and fire-water, is to the original red man of the prairie. They may be interesting from a Darwinian point of view, as exhibiting the original boy-nature coming out, here and there, under domestication, but, as we said before, they are useless for the study of boy in the abstract, and it is to this neglected branch of natural history that we wish to see attention directed. It is especially desirable now, because there seems to be a disposition in some quarters to deal rashly with the subject. It is growing more and more common to treat as an assault in law that wholesome corporal punishment which used to be not only a schoolmaster's privilege, but even his duty. Nay, there are some who would actually make castigation under any circumstances penal. In the face of the facts we have before us, is it wise to throw away in this heedless manner checks and safeguards that have been established by the wisdom of our ancestors for the restraint of dangerous instincts and the protection of society?

MONDAY AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

MONDAY AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



PROFESSOR OWEN, Mr. Frank Buckland, and others have certainly done a good deal to encourage the study of zoology, but unquestionably the greatest popular instructor in this branch of science that has appeared in modern times is the hippopotamus. The arrival of that distinguished Egyptian among us, five and twenty years ago, more than doubled the number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and, as the guide-book puts it, "the population of London thus attracted to the establishment as suddenly discovered that it contained an unrivalled collection of the most interesting and instructive character, in which, if, as often happened, they failed to see the hippopotamus, they had still the rhinoceros and a vast number of other objects to occupy them which were scarcely, if at all,

less attractive." In this way many meritorious beasts, who at first merely shone in the reflected light of the illustrious stranger, came to be public characters on their own account, and to receive that share of attention to which their place in animated nature entitled them. A taste for natural history was developed in the London public, and the Zoological Society was thereby encouraged and enabled to add to its collection, and make the Gardens still more attractive and instructive. The consequence is that they have long since completely distanced the Polytechnic and all similar improving institutions, and take rank with the Crystal Palace on Easter and Whit Monday. Marsupial has become a household word ; there is no pedantry now in speaking of anthropoid apes ; and one may talk of the apteryx as freely as of the weather—for all which benefits science and society are indebted to the hippopotamus.

It is on Monday afternoons, perhaps, that the influence of this great educator is best seen. Not that the visitors are more numerous than on the musical Saturdays, when the band of the Second Life Guards performs by permission of Colonel Marshall, or on the select Sundays with admission by Fellow's order only ; but that on Monday the crowd is a genuine holiday-making, sight-seeing, beast-inspecting crowd, bent on getting its full

sixpenny-worth of zoological recreation, and enjoying to the utmost all that the Society has to offer. With animals of social disposition and gluttonous tendencies Monday is a day of high jinks; for it is an axiom with the Monday visitors, that to bring out the characteristics of any creature you must treat him, and they make a point of offering refreshment of some sort to every bird or beast that exhibits any signs of affability or appetite. They show favourably in this respect in comparison with the people on other days, who appear to entertain the selfish idea that the restaurants in the Gardens have been established merely to supply the visitors with ices and other luxuries. With the Monday visitors, the refreshment department is an institution for relieving the hardships of captivity by means of nuts and buns, and such articles of food as will best soothe the animal mind and recall the diet of its native forest or jungle; and a very fortunate thing it is for some creatures that the choice is a limited one. If nails or scrap iron, for instance, were procurable, the career of the ostrich would be short, notwithstanding his good digestion. As it is, however, the Monday public is restricted to nuts and the simpler forms of confectionery, and hence arises a new system of classification not contemplated by Buffon or Cuvier. Any creature that climbs, or appears to have a gift for

climbing, naturally belongs to the order of nutcrackers, and is treated accordingly; while the rest of the animal world is considered to be bunivorous, always excepting some few animals whose proper place in nature cannot for some particular reason be satisfactorily settled. There is the giraffe, for example, which the visitors are very needlessly requested not to feed,—as if visitors were in the habit of carrying about a step-ladder; and the seal, who has been tried with almost every description of viand sold in the Gardens, and has not yet declared himself in favour of any. Even orange-peel appears to be frequently offered to him, though it is difficult to imagine by what train of reasoning that particular dainty is suggested as likely to prove acceptable to a member of the family of the phocidæ.

This bounteous generosity on the part of the public makes Monday a busy day with the keepers, for it so happens—as is unfortunately too often the case with the human animal also—that the individuals whose health is most precarious and whose constitutions are most rickety are precisely those who are most open to temptation and inclined to self-indulgence. The wolf, a coarse, healthy brute who can be easily replaced, will turn up his nose at a Bath bun; but the delicate and invaluable chimpanzee would, if allowed, eat himself into an incurable dyspepsia

in half an hour, and the greatest circumspection on the part of the officers of the Society is required to moderate the liberality of the visitors and check the imprudence of the animals. These officers are, besides, persons of greater importance on these occasions than on other days. Their intimacy with and power over the occupants of the cages invest them with a kind of mysterious interest. They are followed about, and any scrap of information they volunteer is precious. Goldsmith and Peter Parley may be authorities, but what is their theoretical knowledge compared with the experience of men who are on such terms with a lion that they can address him as "Tom," and are perfectly familiar with all his ways and weaknesses? And then these privileged beings know what the Gardens look like at night. They see the "tiger burning bright," and the eyes of the lion glowing like coals, as described by Dr. Goldsmith and other naturalists; and if the wolf ever "behows the moon," they are cognizant of the performance, and know how it is done. Also they hear the hyæna laughing to himself in the night watches, as he must do if he laughs at all, for he never shows any sign of jocularly in the daytime; and they know whether the hippopotamus snores, and what the giraffe does with his neck and legs when he wants to go to sleep.

Monday, too, is a trying day for the elephant and the camels, in consequence of the number of children. A ride on the back of each of these animals is too much a part of the traditional business of the day to be on any account omitted. The parents seem to be of opinion that a visit to the Gardens would be as incomplete without this ceremony as eight hours at the sea side without a dip in the sea, and a cupful of salt water administered by way of a tonic—a view which appears to be shared by the youngsters also, for they perform the rite with resignation rather than pleasure. As regards the camel, they are tolerably easy—there is something so reassuring about his mild eye and amiable ugly face; but they seldom take kindly to the elephant. That vast red cavern, into which they looked tremblingly as the buns disappeared from sight, seems so admirably adapted for stowing away small children, and the lithe proboscis such an excellent instrument for thrusting them in, that they take their seats with sore misgivings, and are not unfrequently carried away in tears; to the intense delight, apparently, of the cynical old raven living opposite the mounting place, who may be observed dancing on his perch, barking, drawing corks, and exhibiting every corvine sign of satisfaction.

Also, it may be remarked that the deep-seated misan-

thropy of the monkey tribe is brought out strongly by the sight of the children. On Monday, above all other days of the week, a Regent's Park monkey feels the loss of his liberty. From morn till night he is exposed to the aggravation of having within easy reach, were it not for the bars, the most splendid opportunities for revenging man's treatment on the plump and tender persons of man's offspring. Five minutes of freedom among those smiling innocents would suffice him to wipe off that long score of insult and contumely that has been running ever since the days of Hiram and Solomon ; and yet he has to take their nuts as if apehood had never been outraged.

A delightful spectacle, which may be sometimes witnessed on a Monday, is the meeting between the monkeys and the pupils of some North London seminary, who are receiving their sixpenny-worth of zoological information. The monkeys at once recognize the boys as rival imitators and enemies of man, and are much agitated by their presence ; while the boys—who feel that these animals are possessed of many enviable faculties, such as their genius for mischief, remarkable powers of climbing, exemption from clothes, prehensile tails, and the like desirable gifts—indemnify themselves by making faces at the monkeys, and taunting them with their inability to get out. The exasperation of the latter, however, is very

much soothed by seeing their tormentors marched off in custody to resume their studies. It is unnecessary to point out how gratifying this is, or how fortunate it is for humanity that these creatures should hate one another. What if they were to fraternize ! What if the boys were to rise and liberate all the monkeys in captivity, and then combine with them against the common enemy—man !

The sentiments of the monkeys are probably unknown to the Monday public, for of all the dwellers in the Gardens they are the most popular. This is not merely because they are the near relatives of man and travesty human life in all their actions, but also because they are familiar objects associated with ideas of barrel-organs and street performances. Zoological rarities and interesting scientific facts have but little charm for the mass of the Monday visitors. They are not in the least impressed by the fact that the hyrax, though it looks very like a rabbit, is closely allied to the rhinoceros, or that the capybara really belongs to the family of the rodentia. What they like is an animal with associations. They do not care a pin for the *cavia caprera* until they find that it means their old friend the guinea-pig. If the Society were to secure a specimen of the unicorn, they would look at it with interest, not as a curiosity in zoology, but as having been frequently painted on sign-boards, and being intimately

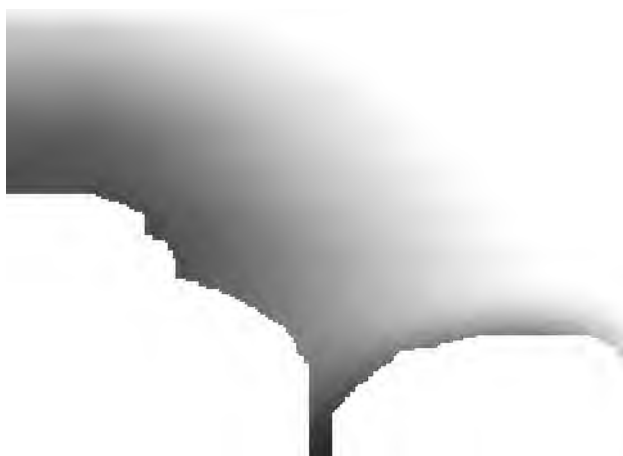
connected with the lion and the crown and the little dog of the popular legend. There is no use in trying to tempt them with wombats and penguins. They say, "Come along and see the beaver wot the 'ats is made of."

Here it was that the good old-fashioned caravans and wild beast shows, the Wombwells and Pidcocks of other days, had the advantage over our new-fashioned, highly-instructive Zoological Gardens. They appealed to the imagination. The animals were not "specimens" of this or that, as the modern phrase puts it. They stood solely on their merits as legendary characters, which the keeper, as he went round with the long pole, was careful to dwell upon at due length. The kangaroo might be the most widely distributed quadruped in creation for aught he cared; the real point to be impressed on the public mind was that it kept its young in a pouch until they arrived at years of discretion. There were no fine-drawn distinctions of striped and spotted hyænas. The notoriously untameable nature of the beast, borne out by his restless trot up and down his cage, was a far more suggestive theme, and afforded ample food for reflection. For imaginative purposes the Gardens are quite useless. You see too much of the animals, and they look too sleek, comfortable, and contented, to convey thoroughly the genuine wild-beast idea. In the dim religious light of the

old booth you got indistinct glimpses of sullen hairy objects which were worth any number of noonday tigers. They were like those delightfully vague accounts of the "vast great creatures" seen and heard on shore when Robinson Crusoe was making his escape from Sallee, which are far more impressive, and have more of the real flavour of outlandish adventure in them, than any matter-of-fact descriptions of lion or tiger terrors. Nor is there any smell worth mentioning at the Zoological Gardens. At the wolf's cage only, and with the wind in a favourable quarter, you can sometimes get a whiff of the right beast bouquet. In the caravan you got it, adulterated, no doubt, with the perfumes of lamp oil and orange-peel, and powerful rather than pleasant, but still full of suggestions of tropical and savage life, of musty dens and rank swamps and thickets, "of antres vast and deserts idle," a fragrance most stimulating to a youth of wandering propensities. "Above all, don't go to any sights of wild beasts"—so Lamb writes to Manning, endeavouring to cure him of his passion for Eastern travel—"that has been your ruin." But no one was ever ruined in this way by a zoological garden. The moral of the old spelling-book romance of "Tommy and Harry" had some point in it when the popular lion was a gaunt, mangy, hungry-looking brute, in a dark and evil-smelling

cell. He bore some sort of resemblance to the hideous monster depicted in the wood-cut as the instrument by which little boys who "don't care" are finally punished. But there is nothing about the appearance of a Regent's Park lion to suggest the propriety of walking in the paths of virtue and of Tommy. He is obviously far too lazy and good-natured for purposes of retribution, and the little boys in the present day do not in the least stand in awe of him. Besides, they are too well-informed now. Threaten them with a devouring lion, and they reply at once, out of one of their books, that the lion is by nature indolent rather than bold, and, unprovoked, rarely attacks man. This is what modern science does for the cause of virtue.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S
AND THE INSTABILITY OF GREATNESS.**



MADAME TUSSAUD'S AND THE INSTABILITY OF GREATNESS.



“Think, in this batter’d Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp,
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.”

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

EVERY newspaper reader of course knows the Intelligent Foreigner, who is always amazed at everything. His function in journalism is somewhat like that of Macaulay’s fourth-form boy, except that instead of snubbing Tory ignorance his mission is to take down Philistine self-conceit. We have not a word to say against his employment in such a service; we cannot have too many opportunities of seeing ourselves as others see us. Our only objection is, that sometimes he does not see quite enough to make his criticism of our

shortcomings thoroughly effective, and we are at times called upon to indulge in a fit of self-depreciation on grounds that are wholly insufficient. Even M. Taine and M. Esquiros, with all their knowledge of England and the English, occasionally draw wrong conclusions because they have taken half views of men and things. Our public statues furnish a case in point. Not one of our insularities, not even our dull Sundays, our bleeding rosbif, or the freedom accorded to our young meess, excites the wonder and derision of the Intelligent Foreigner so much as the effigies of our illustrious men.

Few who have ever taken a walk or an omnibus journey through the streets of the metropolis in company with what Mr. Micawber calls "the lively Gaul," have not had the fact painfully impressed on them. And yet the explanation is so simple. As you pass Trafalgar Square, it is a matter of course that he, in the unhesitating way of his country, will begin to "mock himself" of that penitentiary of greatness, as beyond a doubt he has a perfect right to do. An Englishman in Paris is not a parallel case: in him of course it would be an instance of decidedly bad taste. Here you have a noble opportunity of vindicating your country and enlightening your foreign friend as to our mode of doing honour to the dead, and the way in which we regard the statues which

adorn the finest site in Europe. You can easily explain to him that we do not ourselves think much of the works which so excite his derision ; that we are not in the least proud of them ; that we do indeed stick up these grim bronze figures, but that it is only because we wish to conform to the custom of Continental cities—a custom which, nevertheless, we consider absurd. You may add that, as there is an open space, we must stick up something, and there are already lamp-posts enough : that the pedestals do very well for the little children to play hide-and-seek behind : and that, after all, when an eminent man dies, something must be done. Then, if your familiarity with French as a spoken language admits of it, you may intimate to him that there is another place where he will find the men whom England delights to honour, and where he can observe the noble simplicity with which she honours them. Perhaps there will be an advertisement at the end of the omnibus, and with its assistance you can inform him that in Baker Street, in the very heart and home of British respectability, there is a genteel Valhalla where honour is done to greatness in every department—a temple of Fame founded on the most broadly catholic principles, in which a niche is secured by eminence in any capacity, whether as a monarch, a military genius, a minister, or

a murderer. Nor should you pass over in silence the especially cheerful fact that it is not the illustrious dead alone who are glorified in the Marylebone Hall of Heroes, but that living merit gains admission there also ; and that any man who achieves or has thrust upon him the requisite amount of greatness, can with his own eyes behold, literally, how he stands before the world. And yet, alas ! not any man. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright can any day, on the payment of a shilling, realize their position as men of mark ; but that unfortunate nobleman, Arthur Orton, is for the present, at least, debarred by the penal laws of his country from seeing how that country cherishes his memory.

If you wish to make a friend for life of your companion, you can do so by ministering to his vanity and pointing out that in this, as in every instance where art and invention come into play, England is indebted to French genius, for that Madame Tussaud, though not actually a Frenchwoman by birth, was educated in and derived her inspiration from France. It is the old story. Here, as in the case of everything that is really admirable in this country, from cookery to crinoline, France has supplied the thought, England the money. France furnished the artist, England the customers, and Madame Tussaud having studied the art of glorifying

greatness in the country of her adoption, practised it in this for half a century with such success, that she died, as her successors' catalogue with business-like piety expresses it, "full of gratitude and in the hope of another and a better world." Good as it had been to her and hers, a world which could supply materials for a Chamber of Horrors was not, morally speaking, so good as it might be; nevertheless, she still retains a lively recollection of its past favours, for we find by the first page of the above-mentioned work, that "Madame Tussaud and Sons take this opportunity of returning their grateful thanks to the nobility, gentry, and public." They ought, perhaps, to have thanked the criminal classes also; but they are of course included in the "public."

To Madame Tussaud is due the discovery of the proper substance to be employed in doing honour to greatness. Before her time, the world, in its own rash way, assuming that greatness was what mathematicians would call "a constant"—that a man once great was always great—made use of bronze and marble. Your French friend, if you put it to him, will be able, out of the history of his own country, to furnish many proofs of the fallacy of the assumption upon which this practice was founded. He has seen how the idol of yesterday may be shattered in the dust to-day, to the utter waste

of so much honest stone or metal. Wax, as Madame Tussaud has shown, is your only material. As wax is, so is human greatness—a thing which has no necessary or inherent durability; a thing of extreme delicacy, and liable to destruction from accident, but which, bar accidents, may last for an indefinite period. With wax as your medium for representing the heroic, you need be under no apprehensions as to the permanence of your hero. You stand committed to nothing. If his fame resists the wear and tear of time and circumstance, so, with ordinary care, will your wax. If the policy of your minister is proved to have been blind—if the tactics of your military genius are discovered to have been blunders—if your murderer is reprieved or turns out to be innocent, you have only to melt him down and remould his plastic substance into a worthier and more popular form.

We must admit that, as compared with bronze and marble, it has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. Both are illustrated in a legend of Madame Tussaud's, for which we do not vouch, but which is sufficiently credible to be quoted here. Several years ago, a figure of the late Duke of Wellington stood under one of the skylights in the principal room. By some unaccountable oversight, the attendant omitted to draw

the blinds on one occasion when shutting up for the night, and next morning the hot rays of a July sun fell on the Duke's countenance with such fervour that his Grace's nose began to run, and, by the time the doors were opened, had disappeared completely. So much of the figure being destroyed, restoration to its original form was found to be impossible; but though there was not enough for a new Duke, there was enough for a Lord John Russell, and a life-like presentment of his lordship, who had just then come into power, was therefore immediately added to the collection. It is true that such an accident could not have happened to a stone or metal figure; but, on the other hand, fracture is fatal to metal or stone. The mutilated image is rendered useless for its original or any other purpose. A noseless Theseus may still be recognised as a relic of ancient art, but a noseless Duke has no hold whatever upon our recognition.

The above anecdote further illustrates the leading principle of Madame Tussaud's method of dealing with greatness. There is perpetually going on a process which may be described as the converse of metempsychosis. The same corporeal substance is animated by a succession of different spirits, illumined from time to time by new eyes, and invested with wigs of ever-changing

hue ; and, as you gaze upon the amiable features of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, it may be that you are gazing on the identical wax which at some former period served to 'portray the repulsive lineaments of a Thurtell or a Sawney Bean.

This it is that, to a reflective mind, gives a melancholy tinge to the contemplation of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. As we wander through these spacious rooms we cannot help reflecting what a fleeting thing is human greatness—how little it is that makes and mars a man for wax-work purposes ; and we almost feel inclined to weep like Xerxes, when we think how few of these interesting figures will be standing as they now stand some ten years hence. But for the murder of Abraham Lincoln, what chance had Andrew Johnson of a niche in the Baker Street Temple of Fame—and what chance has he of holding it? In the catalogue we find the name of the pedestrian patriot, Sergeant Bates, but the form of Sergeant Bates no longer greets the eye. He had scarcely walked himself into Madame Tussaud's when he, literally, melted from our gaze, and when we look for him we are confronted by the jocular presence of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. How long will *he* continue to leer upon a sympathetic public? One day the *Times* will announce in its first page that Mr. Whalley has been recently added to

Madame Tussaud's collection, and the catalogue will say that No. 200 and odd is "The Poet Close, subsequently appointed to the deanery of Carlisle by Lord Palmerston, at the request of the King of Dahomey, whom he had served in the capacity of poet laureate. By his attacks upon tobacco and the vices of the aristocracy he won a deathless fame." These will be the epitaphs on Andrew Johnson and Ward Beecher, and the unthinking crowd will pass on, forgetful that in the poet and the orator it has before it the remains of the president and the preacher. And who will succeed the poet and the orator? for they in their turn must yield to Fate. Perhaps it may be yon little boy who, with the happy stolidity of childhood, is sucking toffy in the presence of these awful reminders of the uncertainty of human destiny. Who can tell what may be in store for that as yet innocent lollipopphagist—to what his genius or his crimes may raise him? It may be his to stand in this bright hall; or, it may be in yonder dismal den, where Palmer, Rush, and Manning reign supreme. Again, who was it furnished the wax for Johnson, Bates, Beecher? Echo answers, where are Lord Aberdeen, Count D'Orsay, Sir John Dean Paul? Westminster Abbey has furnished many a theme to the moralist; but Westminster Abbey itself is not so eloquent of the

vanity of human wishes, and the ebb and flow of greatness, as Madame Tussaud's.

An atmosphere of grim satire pervades the whole place. To reach the Chamber of Horrors you pass through the "Golden Chamber" with the Napoleon relics. The same additional sixpence makes you free of both, and you feel the force of what the poet says about—

"The narrow space
Twixt a prison and a smile."

Not that there is anything particularly smiling about the relics—which are, if the truth must be told, on the whole shabby—or that the other chamber bears any strong resemblance to a prison. But there is something very impressive in the fact that what, for rhetorical purposes, may be called the splendours of the throne and the horrors of the dungeon should be thus linked together.

Then, with reference to those Horrors, the catalogue observes that, "in consequence of the peculiarity of the appearance of the following highly interesting figures, they are placed in an adjoining room." Cruel irony! There is no peculiarity of appearance. Messrs. Burke, Hare, and Dumollard are, perhaps, not personally well-favoured, though as bad or worse expressions are to be met with every day. But Palmer, Manning, and Rush

are the very pink of common-place respectability. They are men of a flabbily sententious expression of countenance, habitually, we gather, attired in decorous black, for the most part in white ties, and reminding us, on the whole, of those cheap portraits of popular preachers now so common in shop windows—a resemblance which is no doubt heightened by their oratorical attitudes, and by the fact that they stand in large pulpits or pews, intended, we believe, to typify the dock. And yet these men are the very aristocracy of crime. It was “the sensation created by the crimes of Rush, Manning, etc.” which “induced the Messrs. Tussaud to expend a large sum in building a suitable room;” and it is for them they feel it necessary to apologize, assuring the public “that so far from the exhibition of the likenesses of criminals creating a desire to imitate them, experience teaches them it has a direct tendency to the contrary.” This we fully believe. Impetuous youth may be excited by picturesque and dashing crime—by Claude du Val and Dick Turpin—but it is hardly likely to be led away by the contemplation of smug and fat-faced crime in sober raiment and with neatly combed whiskers.

Even here the process above referred to obviously goes on. Palmer, Rush, and the Mannings are secure in their position, but who would be hardy enough to promise a

waxen immortality to Mademoiselle Dixblancs, who has not even the saving merit of having been hanged? Where are Messrs. Robson and Redpath, those once popular malefactors—*mais où sont les neiges d'antan?* ”

The very catalogue has its word of warning, and bids us put no trust in the permanence of greatness. “As new figures are constantly being added, the numbers are varied from time to time,” and visitors are asked to excuse removals and changes in the order. “The old order changeth, yielding place to new”: the statesman whose fame has faded makes way for Dr. Kenealy, and half a dozen obsolete assassins are absorbed in a life-size “Claimant.” “Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star.”

ARCADIA BUILDINGS, MAYFAIR.

ARCADIA BUILDINGS, MAYFAIR.

LET critics of exalted taste, earnest missionaries of the Beautiful, rail as they please against the architectural sins of our dear, old, ugly London, there is no town like it for character. There is a wonderful humanity and individuality about the streets of this great wilful city, or rather—to quote the expressive modern phrase—“metropolitan district;” for city it is not. As the dwellers are, so are the streets they dwell in. There are smiling streets, and scowling streets, demure streets, eminently respectable streets, rakish streets, streets of ostentatious humility; streets hopelessly gone to the dogs, out at elbows, given to drinking; struggling streets, fighting feebly with misfortune; streets doing their very best to look like genteel streets, but clearly ill at ease in their new stucco coats; quiet, plain, unpretending streets, yet evidently streets of

good family and recognized position in society; pompous, patronizing streets; humble, dependent streets. Whenever you see a street of "handsome houses, where the wealthy nobles dwell," you may be sure the poor-relation street is somewhere round the corner, making itself useful in a thousand unobtrusive ways, but shrinking from public recognition like a street that knows what is due to "company."

You, gentle reader, if you are a Londoner, have scores of times passed within a stone's throw of Arcadia Buildings, Mayfair, but you knew it not. You, genteel reader, sitting at the table of your noble friend, have, perchance, caught snatches of a distant "Bonnie Dundee," vilely twanged by harp and horn, and wondered whence came those vulgar sounds, wafted through polite windows by the evening breeze. 'Twas the music of Arcadia—at least of wandering minstrels in Arcadia, at the jug-and-bottle entrance of the "Crown," its leading hostelry. For Arcadia reposes in the very bosom of the *beau monde*, encompassed by the best society as by a wall. Ringed with the fashionable world, it stands a plebeian island in a patrician sea, a lowly oasis in the very centre of the great Sahara of high life. How then should you know anything about it? And yet it might have been. You might have wandered up the lane or down the archway which

form its chief adits, in search of the adjacent livery-stables of Mr. Chaunter, or to recall your dog who had been seized by a sudden desire to inquire after the health of the one-eyed terrier at the pie-shop.

Or, another way, as Mrs. Glass says: you may share the opinion of Fred Bayham in "The Newcomes"—mind, it is not asserted that you do—you may have felt, on coming away from your noble friend's, that "a glass of sound beer would refresh one after all that claret." Many people think so. In such a case any policeman of taste would at once have directed you to the "Old Crown" before mentioned, the house used by the best Arcadians. For in this happy valley there is a wide choice of houses of entertainment; and this would be probably the first fact to impress itself upon you as you surveyed the scene. Not that the dwellers in Arcadia are an abnormally thirsty race; on the contrary, sobriety and temperance are virtues which they especially cultivate. If, as would probably be the case in the season, a ball or reception were in progress at any of the mansions of the great ones in the neighbourhood, you would soon learn why it is that the licensed victuallers are out of all proportion to the fixed population of the Buildings. On such an occasion many a tall and stately form, robed in a long great coat (which, how-

ever, does not entirely conceal the symmetry of the lower limbs), may be seen issuing from Arcadia Buildings, with cautious steps and slow, bearing—oh, touching sight!—a humble flagon of cool porter to his colleague the coachman, who sits box-bound in the street beyond. On such a night as this the bars of Arcadia are filled with these magnificent creatures, hair-powder floats in the air, and “penny pickwicks” are at a premium. Hence it is that the sale of refreshments is a prominent branch of industry in Arcadia Buildings, and hence the distinct *ton* perceptible about the establishments devoted to that business. No low-bred “Pig and Whistle” or “Magpie and Stump,” vaunting its liquors with vulgar mendacity, could breathe this air. The “Crown,” a fine old brown tavern, full of dark parlours, would abdicate rather than indulge in indecent eulogies of “Old Tom” or “Cream of the Valley,” while its younger rivals, the “Clarence,” the “Chesterfield Arms,” etc., appealing as they do to men of taste and men of the world, know that a good article is the best advertisement.

But these, though the most conspicuous, are not the most characteristic features of Arcadia Buildings. Green-groceries, thick crowded, make a perpetual spring in the land: bowers where the eye, pleased and refreshed, drinks in the tender tones of Brussels sprouts and

spinach, relieved by the creamy white of the cauliflower and warmed up by bunches of the ruddy carrot. Innocent milk and butter shops, all of a glitter with resplendent tins, display their treasures and fill with envy the breasts of wanderers from less favoured districts; eggs whose clear complexion raises them above all suspicion of importation, mustiness, or tasting of the straw; butter in golden rolls—ah! how different from that pallid substance which elsewhere lubricates the toast of London; cream, ay, *cream!* Everything speaks of the country, of pastoral pursuits, and rural life in its most perfect and poetic form. You must not suppose, however, that there is any taint of boorish rusticity about the dwellers in Arcadia. *Ruris amatores*, and keenly appreciative of its charms and produce, they are not impenetrable to the refinements of the city. Literature flourishes amongst them in a modest way, and there are one or two booksellers and stationers apparently doing a fair business. Literary taste in Arcadia is much influenced by the adjoining kitchens of the nobility and gentry. It has a decided culinary bias. "One Hundred different Ways of Cooking Apples," "How to Choose Fish, Game, and Poultry," "The Complete Confectioner," "The Modern Stewpan," and works of this class, make by far the greatest show in the windows of the bibliopoles, but side

by side with these appear volumes of a less purely scientific nature, such as "The Ball-room Preceptor," "The Polite Letter-writer," "Hints on the Table and on Etiquette;" nor are instances wanting of good pantry editions of Byron and of Bulwer's novels. Song-books (sentimental) and "reciters" are also on sale, as are of course the current numbers of *The Servants' Magazine*, and *The Courier, a Weekly Newspaper for Families and Servants*. In this sheltered nook the valentine blooms a perennial; not, you may be sure, the flaring valentine of more rugged climes—a coarse daub, conveying atrocious sentiments in scurrile verse, but a chaste idyllic article on satin note-paper, with a lace border; such a valentine as a shepherd of the golden age might have posted to his love without a blush. As for arts and manufactures, a community so simple in its habits, so free from artificial wants, but little needs them; still there is evidence of a demand for ribbons and general trimmings, and there are museums of miscellaneous pottery, where not sufficiently neat-handed Phillis may remedy misfortunes in crockery ere the accident come within the ken of the watchful housekeeper.

For it is in such modest ways that Arcadia ministers to the minor wants of her illustrious neighbours, and shows her gratitude for their protection and influence.

It is for them she establishes relations with market-gardeners and dairymen, and the treasures she accumulates are theirs. It almost makes one gasp to think of the society those articles are going into, of the tables at which those tender inexperienced young peas may possibly appear to-night in a *purée de pois verts aux croutons*; of the destiny of those eggs, laid to be dallied with by fingers fair as their own fair shells. Nor are these the only reflections that force themselves upon the mind. The very inhabitants are objects of interest to the social philosopher. They are not the patrician rose, but they have been near it, and enough of its perfume still hangs about them to distinguish them from the rest of humanity. Here Jeames *ex nitido fit rusticus*: goes out of livery and becomes a greengrocer. To this retreat it is that the Strephon and Chloe of the servants' hall betake themselves when their united savings justify a retirement from service. It is a future state for footmen: a plush paradise. Here, like our first parents, surrounded by green stuff, they pass a life of primeval simplicity in all respects save that of costume, and multiply, and replenish the earth with comely domestics. Nourished by simple and wholesome country produce, inhaling a pure aristocratic atmosphere, familiar from the cradle with the objects

best calculated to refine and elevate the taste, the children of Arcadia grow up healthy, shapely, and decorous. Bandy legs are unknown in the Buildings. No malformation could be more odious in the sight of a people with whom tights are a tradition; and no doubt a rickety babe, unfit for service and society, would be disposed of with Spartan promptitude. The little mottled supports of Arcadia junior are always free from unsightly curvature, and display a hereditary plumpness of calf which suggests that in the fulness of time they may be found worthy to quiver in silk behind the triumphal chariot of Fashion. The demeanour of these youngsters befits the high destiny in store for them. Even in their sports they show none of that love for vulgar noise and violent exertion which is elsewhere one of the attributes of childhood. The most boisterous pastime they affect is a sort of subdued shuttlecock, but they seem to prefer playing at levées and drawing-rooms; and if they ever condescend to play dumps, it is with buttons that have crests on them. There is a special propriety about all their motions and actions. They are grave and staid children—butlers in the bud.

Indeed, an air of serene gravity pervades Arcadia Buildings. Buckle has remarked that the physical

geography of a country always exercises a certain influence on the character of its inhabitants. Where nature is stern, wild, awe-inspiring, the people are emotional, impassioned, and prone to superstition. Where the scenery is monotonous man is phlegmatic, and so forth. So it is with this little colony. The large, solemn, sombre, and intensely correct houses, that tower above it on every side, and look down upon it with their severe windows, effectually repress any tendency to indecorous levity in its inhabitants. They are a serious people, and give one the idea of being the depositaries of tremendous secrets—as indeed they are. They know—but it would savour of profanity to attempt to conjecture the things they know. They are in a manner behind the scenes of Society and know all about it, from its rites and ceremonies down to the petty details (if there are such) of its every-day life. With meaner natures this sort of familiarity might produce something like that feeling which familiarity is said by the proverb to produce. But profound veneration and respect for high life are among the instincts of the Arcadians, and the great world is not the less great to them because they happen to know what it has for dinner. On the other hand, they are free from all vulgar and stupid curiosity about the great

and their belongings. On ball-nights, when the calico porch is set up and the carpet stretched across the flags, a silly crowd will stand hour after hour gazing at footmen's legs and coachmen's wigs, and puzzling its brains over emblazoned panels. But no Arcadians ever help to swell its numbers. They! why should they? They see the —— of ——'s carriage washed sometimes.

Up a tributary court in the buildings a "city mission" has its room. Surely a misguided city mission! What field for missionary labours can there be among a people so sedate, good, and wise as these dwellers in Arcadia? What softening change remains to be wrought in such a spot? Even on week-days there reigns a kind of Sunday propriety, and on Sundays its tranquillity is the quintessence of Sabbath stillness. On Sunday afternoons, when it is high tide of Fashion in the Park but tea-time in the Buildings—when the hum of traffic, such as it is, is hushed, when the shops are shut, and the sea-kale is gone to its nest, and the spinach laid down in its lair on the greengrocer's shelf, and the children are kept within doors lest they should tumble their "best things," and the clank-clank of the bell of Cawdor Street Chapel is the only sound to be heard, and the only sight at all suggestive of

secular ideas is perhaps a group of grooms sitting on inverted buckets at a stable-door hard by, smoking cheroots and discussing the probabilities of the Leger—at such a time, so perfect is the observance of the day that you might fancy yourself in Clapham or North Britain.

"SANDFORD AND MERTON."

"SANDFORD AND MERTON."

IT is now nearly a century since "Sandford and Merton" made its first appearance, and during that time it has enjoyed an almost undisputed pre-eminence as an appropriate offering for ingenuous youth. It has served at least three generations of parents and guardians, uncles and aunts, godfathers and godmothers, in the capacities of Christmas box, birthday present, New Year's gift, and occasional reward of merit; and probably no book, except the Bible and "Robinson Crusoe," has borne so frequently on its fly-leaf the inscription "from his attached grandmother," or "to my beloved godchild on entering his tenth year." The opinions of the class of readers among whom it has been thus widely circulated may not have much weight, or exercise any very powerful influence on the world; but a circulation so extended is a phenomenon in literature which deserves

some notice, and some inquiry into the causes which have produced it and the effects which it produces.

There is something attractive but at the same time impressive—almost awe-inspiring—about the task. The “History of Sandford and Merton” is to all intents a virgin soil to the critic. No reviewer, as far as we know, has hitherto penetrated into this secluded region; and it is impossible to approach it without some of that feeling with which the mountaineer attempts the ascent of an unscaled peak, or the explorer threads his way through primeval forests whose echoes have never before responded to the voice of civilized man.

“We are the first that ever burst
Into this silent sea.”

Nevertheless, we will not avail ourselves of the discoverer’s privilege of minute description. We take for granted that our readers are already acquainted with the general outline, substance, and plot of Mr. Day’s great didactic romance, and that we need only touch upon its general bearing and purport.

The object of the author was to propound by means of fiction a rational scheme of training, physical as well as moral. The philosophy and science of education were still in a somewhat crude state at the time when

he wrote. The amount of moral suasion brought to bear upon the youthful mind was trifling, and the belief in physical deterrents was as yet unshaken. The whole sum of the obligations and duties of youth was represented in the two primitive precepts that "he must be a good boy," and "mind his book." On these two commandments hung all the law and the prophets as far as he was concerned, and if he failed to observe them he was, in the terse language of the disciplinarians of the period, "taken up and drubbed soundly." A system of this sort administered through the medium of public schools was not likely to escape hostile criticism in an age of rational doctrines and antagonism to precedent. One phase of opinion on the educational reform question is represented by Cowper's "*Tirocinium*," published in 1785; another by "*Sandford and Merton*," the first part of which appeared two years before, while the third, and last, came three years after that date. The two works agree in regarding the existing system of education as radically bad, but they differ widely as to the nature of its evils, and the proper substitute for it. Cowper's objection was mainly that it sowed the seeds of irreligion and infidelity, imparting—

"Much mythologic stuff,
But sound religion sparingly enough."

Mr. Day (even at this lapse of time it comes quite natural to call him *Mr.* Day—it is a tribute to his severe pedagogic character, which invests him with some of the awfulness of our schoolmaster) was opposed to the traditional rule-of-thumb method of bringing up, because he considered that it dwarfed virtue and nourished vice. His philosophy of education was, in fact, purely pagan. Its prime object was the cultivation of virtue, quite in the manner of the ancient heathen philosophers. It is true that Mr. Barlow, the mouthpiece he employs, is a clergyman ; but he is evidently made so only in deference to popular prejudice and on account of the facilities for effective dogmatism which being in holy orders affords. In reality excellent Mr. Barlow is not a whit more of a clergyman than Imlac, or Sophron, or Eugenius, or any one of the Indian sages or Persian philosophers who are constantly figuring as mentors in the didactic literature of the eighteenth century. He is an incarnation of virtue, pure and simple, and undiluted by any admixture of Christianity, or, indeed, of any form of belief. He is supposed to have formed the mind and views of Harry Sandford, and when that interesting youth is drawn out on religious subjects he patronizes the Apostles, describes their Master as “a very good man indeed,” and altogether speaks of the Christian religion with

the toleration of a young Socrates or a very liberal Mahomedan.

Mr. Day's principles, indeed, as shadowed forth in the work which has preserved his name, are almost precisely those of his contemporaries, the doctrinaires of the French Revolution. He did not go quite so far as to declare that Property was robbery: that might have been a dangerous length to push philosophy to in a book intended for boys, who, in common with monkeys, have by nature the very loosest views on that particular subject. He himself may have had an orchard in the neighbourhood of a day-school. But he does his best to engender a healthy suspicion of it in the youthful mind. It is, as a general rule, the accompaniment of vice, as poverty is of virtue. If a rich man is virtuous, it is a freak of nature; if a poor man is vicious, it may be an accident, but more probably it is because of the oppression or insolence of the rich. It was the experience of that profound observer of men and manners, little Harry, that "they who are rich will scarcely treat the poor with common civility." Then the rich man is naturally feeble, sickly, and cowardly, while the poor man of course is strong, healthy, and brave; which curious truth is the moral of the apologue of "Keeper and Jowler."

Mr. Day is of course an unflinching upholder of the doctrine of the equality of man, which he proves by the introduction of that able-bodied, intrepid, and highly intelligent negro, who saves Tommy's life at the bull-bait, and afterwards improves his mind with an account of the tropics. But he is so carried away by his hostility to wealth and station, that he practically makes quite an Irish bull. His creed is that one man is as good as another, and "the better classes" are worse; and the only thing that leads one to suspect him of having imbibed any Christian doctrines, is that he makes it as hard for a rich man to enter into his good graces as into the kingdom of heaven. This unfortunate section of society is treated all through his book with the utmost rigour. It is pelted with aphorisms, fables, and tales, all tending to show how essentially contemptible and utterly useless it is. A number of specimens are brought together at Mr. Merton's for the purpose of demonstrating the frivolity, selfishness, arrogance, and bad taste of the so-called upper classes. The very name of a gentleman seems to affect Mr. Day as a red rag does a turkey cock. When Farmer Sandford congratulates himself on the fact that there has never been in his family "a dishonest person, a gentleman, or a madman,"

it is clear the author looks upon it as an honest boast, and a compendious statement of the noxious elements of society.

It may be somewhat of a shock to the good, orthodox, steady-going patrons of "Sandford and Merton" to be told that the book they have been in the habit of putting into the hands of their young people as a guide in the paths of piety and propriety is, in point of fact, a little manual of subdued paganism and communism in a mild form, and that the philosopher and friend of their choice is a sort of respectable and decorous Voltaire or Rousseau. But in truth there is very little cause for alarm. "Sandford and Merton" ceases to be an authority long before the soil of the juvenile mind is in a condition to receive dangerous seed. Fortunately, worthy Mr. Day has placed his standard so high that his young readers soon perceive the utter impossibility of being virtuous enough to satisfy him. Harry Sandford, the model boy, is, as Squire Chase's friend truly said, a prodigy. He is a little monster of virtue, and just as much a *lusus naturæ* as if he had two heads. For a short time, perhaps, the tender neophyte tries hard to make a Harry of himself by a slavish imitation of the excellences of that priggish young stoic. He can for a while make believe

to dislike wine, to prefer the plainest food, to despise fine clothes and the people who wear them, to think a horn cup better than a silver one,—as that abominable little sham Spartan pretended to do at Mr. Merton's,—to take a deep interest in the habits and welfare of the lower animals, and so forth. The period at which most boys first become possessed of "Sandford and Merton" is favourable to this kind of ostentatious cultivation of virtue. It is generally the interregnum between emancipation from the authority of the family governess and going to school for the first time. All these severely virtuous affectations are quite practicable for a while at home and under the eye of the mother, who of course encourages them—mothers always believe in Harry.

But sooner or later, either simple fatigue or the bracing atmosphere of school brings about a change. It is such hard work being a Harry, and, as his conscience tells him at last, a very imperfect Harry; so much simpler and pleasanter to be a backsliding but still human Tommy. At school the change of opinion comes much more rapidly. Day by day novel and startling doctrines are brought before him in such a way that his sense cannot reject nor his reason refute them. He learns that pastry is one of the objects of life, and

that animals are intended not to be studied but to be stoned; and imbibes a number of other principles equally incompatible with Barlowean philosophy or Sandfordian morality. For a time, perhaps, there is a struggle. He thinks of Master Mash and Master Compton, and fears there may be more of them in the world than he expected. But soon he finds that there are a great many boys, not in the least like Masters Mash and Compton, who hold these and similar terrible views; and so, at last, that awful moment in a boy's life arrives when he says in his heart, "Old Day is a humbug."

Here we have in reality the sole mischief which can be laid to the charge of works of this sort. They teach boys to doubt. They intensify the shock which the juvenile mind receives from the discovery that the actual world that lies before it is a very different thing from the ideal world previously constructed with the aid of good little books and tender maternal teaching. At one time or another that shock must come, and, perhaps, like measles, the sooner it comes the better; but it is quite severe enough of itself—much severer than the black eyes, bleeding noses, and bruised shins, which fond mothers dread as the worst in store for their darlings at the

threshold of life. That first day at school is a perplexing, unsettling passage in a boy's life. He finds himself in a foreign country, with a language he knows not, and a currency of ideas completely strange to him : a country that will not take the self-evident propositions and undisputed axioms of home ; or, if it does, gives him mockery in change. To his bewildered imagination it seems as though he were sojourning in the very abode of the wicked. No yokel in London streets for the first time has a more terrified sense of being in dangerous company. He feels like his dear old friend Christian in the valley, and is "confounded." But the process must be gone through. The soft delicate woman's philosophy that has wrapped his little soul must somehow give place to an article of stouter and coarser texture, fit for the wear and tear of a rough world. There is no reason, however, why he should put off faith and take to himself a suspicion that all goodness is humbug. Yet such is the effect of experience acting on the teaching of those excellent little books that ignore human nature. He finds that the sage and counsellor whom he has revered with all his heart, and believed implicitly, has deceived him in details ; hence he argues that he has been deceived *in toto*. This, too, is of course a transition state. The

time comes when the symptoms of his first attack of scepticism are quite forgotten, and he buys "Sandford and Merton" for his young friends—as several fathers, godfathers, and uncles, who have themselves passed through the struggle, have done no doubt last Christmas.

THE MINOR VIRTUES.



THE MINOR VIRTUES.

THERE is probably a wider philosophy than people generally suppose in the old prudential proverb about taking care of the pence and leaving the pounds to take care of themselves. At any rate, the principle involved in the maxim is one which is and has been very generally acted upon. The ancients, it may be observed, were far more particular and obsequious in their attentions to the *Dii minores* than to the superior deities. Divinities like Bacchus, Æsculapius, or Prometheus, received twice as much civility in the way of games, mysteries, sacrifices, and the like, as the upper twelve of celestial society. Perhaps it was considered to be, so to speak, a better investment of piety ; for, naturally, *parvenu* deities, or those of doubtful reputation, like Pan or Priapus, would be more grateful for proofs of respect

than others to whom the recognition of mere mortals could not be a matter of any consequence. But possibly the more powerful motive was that it was a cheap and ready way for gaining a character for observance of religious duties. Every one was supposed by courtesy to reverence the great gods ; so, to be conspicuously devout, it was necessary to take up with the second-class deities.

Something of the same sort may be noticed in our culture of the virtues. In common politeness everybody is accredited with the possession of all the cardinal virtues in their highest degree ; consequently, any one in modern society who is ambitious of being considered an especially virtuous character is in a measure driven to fall back upon the minor virtues. Hence it is that the virtues of this order are apt to be a trifle more obtrusive than is quite consistent with the aphorism that virtue is its own reward. A man who has—to borrow an expressive phrase from the dialect of sport—“put all his money” on the minor virtue of Punctuality, for example, is compelled to call attention to his punctuality on every possible occasion in order to get credit for it, and thus, by implication, he is always convicting his neighbours of unpunctuality. This naturally arouses a spirit of inquiry as to whether punctuality is, after all, so much of a virtue as to justify any one in making such a fuss about it, just as we can

conceive a too ostentatious Lupercalian Ritualism provoking damaging inquiries into the moral character of Pan and his claims to divinity.

About the utility and the advantages of punctuality there can be no manner of doubt. Time is a commodity as strictly limited in quantity as coal itself—at least as far as each individual is concerned—and whatever tends, as punctuality does, to economize time is of course a good thing. But it is good only as a means to an end, not as an end in itself; and there are some people who do not cultivate punctuality for the saving of time, but rather devote their time to the cultivation of punctuality. In fact, it may be observed that a large proportion of the people eminent in the practice of this minor virtue are people who have more time on their hands than they know what to do with: who, when they have punctually swallowed their breakfasts, have nothing on earth to occupy their minds with except watching for the approach of the luncheon hour. To such people any event which breaks the monotony of the day is an important epoch, just as to travellers in the desert the merest sand-hillock in the distance is an interesting feature in the landscape. It is a positive god-send to them. It gives them something to do and something to think of: or, perhaps it would be more correct

to say, excites a certain mental motion which may be considered a kind of rudimentary form of thinking. And yet, forsooth, these people must give themselves prodigious airs of virtue, and crow over all creation, because they never miss a train, fail in an appointment, or are late for anything ; as if this precious punctuality of theirs were acquired by severe self-denial, and practised solely from a stern sense of duty.

Punctuality is by no means the only minor virtue which can be irritating in this way. That particular variety of the virtue of orderliness which women glorify under the name of "tidiness," is a most excellent thing in its way : "A sweet virtue, look you," as Launce says, when cultivated in moderation ; but who has not groaned under its oppressiveness in the house of the unco tidy ? Who does not know the house where the maxim "a place for everything, and everything in its place" is so rigidly construed, that it seems contrary to the *religio loci* to make use of anything ; where books are not meant to be read, but to radiate symmetrically from the centre of the drawing-room table ; where when you take a chair you cannot help feeling that in some degree you take a liberty also ; where the end and purpose of every article is apparently to wear a cover of some sort, and the making of covers for things is the main occupation of the females of the

family? In their full perfection perhaps such houses are only to be found among the curiosities of provincial middle-class life. The great worshippers of tidiness as an end in itself are people like George Eliot's Dodsons and Tullivers, people with whom it is an article of religion to have "best things" reserved for some dimly contemplated occasion in the remote future.

But the Dodson and Tulliver calibre of mind is not confined to any one stratum or formation in the social system. It is simply a variety of the one-ideaed mind, an order of mind by no means sparsely distributed, and apt to be irritating if you are brought into too close contact with it. The unicorn is very well in heraldry, where he has one side of a shield all to himself, but he must have been an abominable nuisance in the Ark, with that obtrusive horn of his. In much the same way one-ideaed people are nuisances in society. They cannot keep their one idea out of their neighbours' eyes and ribs, and they are by no means least exasperating when they and their idea are of a dull commonplace nature, as is the case with those who make a minor virtue of tidiness. With the same sort of people cleanliness, also, is apt to degenerate into a minor virtue, and as a minor virtue it is all the more aggravating because there is no saying anything against it. Except

in the case of old armour and beggars, and one or two other objects of purely æsthetic interest, it is impossible to have too much cleanliness, and any one assuming and parading it as a virtue holds a perfectly unassailable position. This is what makes it such a favourite with women, more especially with those who pride themselves on keeping the opposite sex in subjection. For making man thoroughly uncomfortable, and reducing him to a wholesome sense of his feebleness and inferiority, there is nothing feminine ingenuity has discovered more effective than that Institution which takes the form of a general cleaning, scrubbing, and putting of things to rights.

There is, indeed, one occasion on which woman can assert herself with more crushing power. Leech's pencil has caught it in that touching picture of the abject condition of Mr. Peewit, who has just had "a little addition to his family." Careful observers have remarked that when an event of this kind takes place in a household, every female in it, down to the merest chit of ten or eleven, puts on an extra air of importance, carries her head several inches higher, and relentlessly snubs and thwarts the male creature in every possible manner. Strong in her weakness, woman instinctively feels her advantage, and uses it. But, however great her zeal for the authority of her own sex and the subjugation of the other, her oppor-

tunities in this way are, necessarily—and, we may add, providentially—limited ; whereas, she can, if so minded, have a cleaning day once a week, and the latter event, if inferior in moral dignity to the former, can be made almost equally productive of discomfort to the enemy.

As a companion to the one by Leech above mentioned, look at the picture by Dickens of Captain Cuttle suffering under one of Mrs. MacStinger's great cleaning days, "sitting with his legs drawn up under his chair, on a small desolate island, midway in an ocean of soap and water, everything wet and shining with soft soap and sand, and the air impregnated with the smell of drysaltery." Furthermore, it is always one of the essentials of the ceremony that everything should be removed from its accustomed place, and afterwards put just where no one would be likely to look for it ; and of course the opportunity is taken to show that disrespect and contempt for man's household gods which is a characteristic of the properly constituted female mind—all which cruelty is made the more cruel by the fact that it is perpetrated in the name of virtue, and that remonstrance is proof positive of depravity in the victim. This was clearly the great charm of cleanliness in the eyes of Mrs. MacStinger. It was such an unimpeachable instrument of torture. "We had some words about the swabbing of these

planks," said the forlorn Captain, "and she stopped my liberty." Of course she did.

Then there is early rising. In the whole string of the virtues, major or minor, cardinal or otherwise, there is not one about which the possessors are so abominably conceited as this. People endowed with so uncomfortable a gift are, no doubt, entitled to some little indemnification; but no degree of self-mortification could justify the preposterous airs of superior virtue which people who turn out of bed earlier than their neighbours always give themselves. Nobody was ever ten minutes in the society of a confirmed early riser without being made aware of the fact, and, directly or indirectly, snubbed for not being one himself. Now, is early rising such a virtue, and are these early birds so very virtuous, that we are bound tamely to submit to this? Of course we know all the stock arguments: they impress them upon us often enough. It is they who get the worm. Well, for our part, they are welcome to it: we don't want worms. Then they gain so many hours over us who lie abed, in proof of which they point out that the "*Waverley Novels*" were all written before breakfast. Very good; let them produce their "*Waverley Novels*;" meanwhile we shall take leave to remain sceptical as to the reality of this gain of time. The practise is a healthy one, they say, and they always

brag of their superior appetites at breakfast, as if there was something meritorious in an extra consumption of ham and eggs.

Now, the simple fact of the matter is that in at least nine cases out of ten your early riser is merely a fidgety, restless animal, who is incapable of reposing after the fashion or at the season ordained by civilized mankind ; and as to his inhaling the pure morning air, that is all moonshine. It is pure self-conceit that he inflates himself with. In fine weather he struts abroad crowing over a slumbering world ; in wet he moons about the house a reproach and hindrance to the servants setting about their morning ministrations, and all through the period of family prayers he is filled with pharisaical pride that he is not as other men whom the prayer-bell sometimes catcheth at their toilet. That he makes any use of the hours so gained is in general pure fiction. But even if he does, what then ? He adds to his day, very much after the fashion of the man who tried to lengthen his blanket by sewing on to the top what he cut off from the bottom. He is very brisk, not to say arrogant, in the morning ; but he is useless for all social purposes in the evening. Drowsy after dinner, torpid after tea, he hibernates like a bear during the sociable season ushered in by the candles, and is most lifeless when civilized man

enjoys life most. But even in that abject condition he finds something to brag of ; for with an insolent yawn, as he takes his bedroom candle, he reminds us that he was up four hours before any of us were stirring.

The cardinal virtues, it may be observed, very often have minor virtues attached to them which play a part something like that of the tender to a man-of-war. The cardinal virtue is too mighty, stately, and imposing an affair to be put in motion on every trifling occasion. It lies at anchor for the most part, reserved for great emergencies, while certain little minor virtues in attendance on it are constantly on the move, keeping up its connection with humanity. Benevolence, for example, cannot be always brought into action in the intercourse of everyday life. You are bound to have benevolence ready at the service of your fellow-creatures, but you cannot be benevolent to your neighbour at dinner or to the man next you in a railway carriage. Under such circumstances you must be content to allow the work of benevolence to be done by some such little virtue as sociability.

Unfortunately, however, the tender in this case is very apt to forget its subordinate position, and give itself all the airs of a first-rate, and then the minor virtue becomes distinctly objectionable. There are few

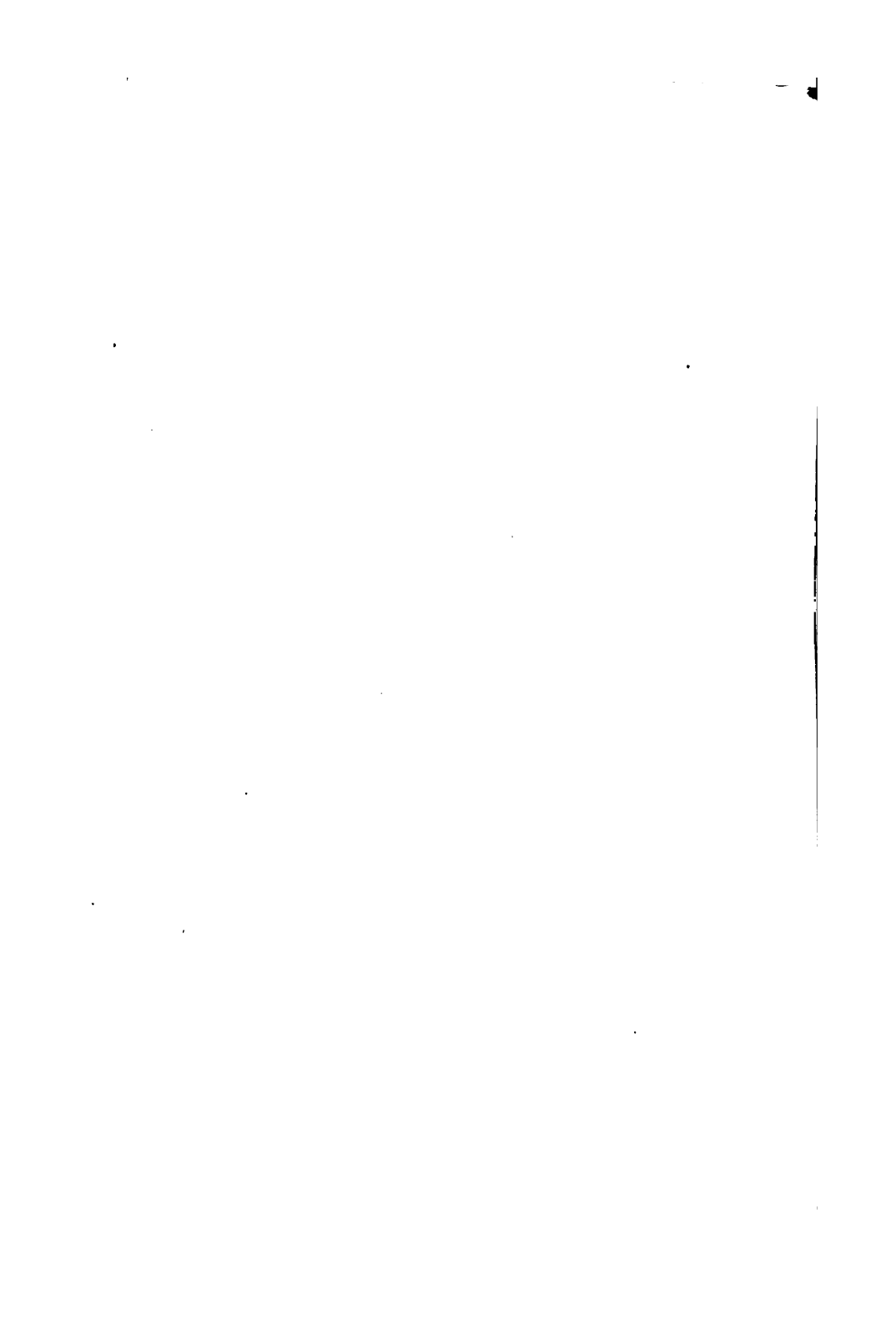
greater social nuisances than the man who plumes himself upon his sociability, and makes a sacred duty of talk. He is a sort of human sparrow, a bird from whom you get neither song nor silence. To keep up a perpetual game of verbal shuttlecock (which he calls conversation) is with him a condition of existence. His aphorism is not *cogito ergo sum*, but *loquitor ergo sum*; and so, lest he should cease to be, he will be talking. Nor is he entirely selfish in this. What is necessary for himself he holds to be equally necessary for you, and consequently his apparently uncalled for assertion of the fineness of the day, forcing you to respond with some similar meteorological imbecility, is in part dictated by benevolent impulses. This, however, of course rather aggravates the infliction, for boredom is doubly bitter when you are expected to be thankful for it.

Akin to the sociable talker is the "good correspondent," as he calls himself. As the former piques himself upon his readiness to chatter with any one he comes across, and his ability to keep up chatter for any length of time, so the latter prides himself upon a faculty for spinning letters out of nothing for the purpose of laying distant friends under an obligation. Both are firmly convinced that they are most meritorious persons, and undeniable benefactors to their species, and both consider

you a very defective character if you do not fully reciprocate their attentions. We may be excused, however, if we doubt the validity of their claims. If the chatterer is a sociable being, it is simply because he is afflicted with an incontinence of words and a penury of ideas ; and as for the good correspondent, his goodness is chiefly due to the fact that time hangs heavy on his hands, and that he is sorely put to it to find something to do.

This is what makes the minor virtues so aggravating. It is bad enough to be crowed over by any one ; but to be crowed over by people whose coign of vantage is the possession of an entirely negative character, is what flesh and blood cannot help resenting ; and it is on these grounds that we hold that society has a right to resist their pretensions. We do not question the virtue itself. We say to them :—sociability is very desirable ; punctuality, orderly habits, love of cleanliness, all these are excellent things ; and there is even a good deal to be said for early rising in moderation. But what we do not admit is your right to give yourselves those airs of superiority which you are so fond of assuming. Be as punctual as you like, get up at any hour you choose, cultivate the art of writing long letters about nothing as much as you please ; but don't call upon us to admire you as model characters on the score of these virtues, for we don't.

HYMEN ON 'CHANGE.



HYMEN ON 'CHANGE.

"*Talia connubia et tales celebrant hymenæos.*"

"There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark."—*As You Like It.*

WHEN a Livingstone or a Speke comes back to us with a tale of discovery that forthwith peoples some blank space on our maps, our first feeling is one of wonder that those distant relations of ours should have contrived to carry on the business of life all this while without our countenance or cognizance—a sort of surprise at finding that existence can be successfully maintained without our knowledge. We quite forget that the fact is proved every day as clearly though less strikingly by discoveries nearer home. The realms of the unknown extend from Central Africa to our own doors. It is a great mistake to fancy that if we want to find queer people, odd

customs, strange beliefs and superstitions, completely new phases of civilization, we must go look for them among the subjects of King Kamrasi, or on the shores of Lake Nyassa, or in out-of-the-way quarters of that sort. For this purpose the metropolitan district may be safely backed against the Nile basin.

To take an example, there is no more interesting study than the marriage customs of different races, nor one which furnishes a more delicate test of the quantity and quality of the civilization to which a people may have attained. They show us at a glance the social position of woman, and her influence on and share in the life of the community. The usages which prevail in the preliminary stage, called courtship by our older writers, are particularly deserving of attention. Among the more highly-civilized members of the human family this process is found to be carried on by elaborate machinery expressly invented for the purpose—balls, picnics, parties, meetings ostensibly for the promotion of archery and other charitable objects, and so forth. Descending a little lower in the scale, we find it much simplified, and conducted altogether by the parents or nearest relatives of the individuals primarily interested. Lower still it becomes a mere matter of bargain and sale; and so on, until we come to its most rudimentary form,

which consists of carrying off the desired object *vi et armis*, after murdering her relations.

One of the curiosities of courtship noticed by travellers is a strange practice prevalent to some extent among races of a low type of civilization, that of employing a professional match-maker or matrimonial agent. It is hardly necessary to point out that of all contrivances for promoting matrimony, this is by far the rudest and most barbarous. Even the rough-and-ready method of obtaining a bride in vogue among the aboriginal Australians implies an exercise of choice, a preference of some particular object, and therefore a much less debased view of the institution.

Civilization and barbarism are, as every one knows, frequently to be found flourishing side by side, otherwise there would be something anomalous in the existence of this uncouth custom in England in the nineteenth century. It is, to be sure, somewhat modified by circumstances. The medium, for instance, is characteristic of our age and country. In less-favoured regions persons anxious to marry are compelled to fee some vagabond mendicant or fakeer or disreputable old woman to put the affair in train for them. Here "respectability is combined with economy," as the funeral advertisements say, for the recognized go-between is the

editor of some penny illustrated journal. It certainly is a strange position for a man of letters to be placed in, but it shows the influence of literature and the pleasant relations which in these days subsist between the instructors and the instructed.

But who can be the clients of this much-trusted gentleman, and how do they come to be dependent on his intervention in such a delicate matter? Are they social Selkirks, who are out of humanity's reach and must finish their journey alone, if he does not find partners for them? What is it that has cut them off from society, friendship, and love, divinely bestowed upon man? Can it be that there are among us people so completely devoid of friends, relations, acquaintances, family circles, so terribly isolated or so utterly helpless, that they have no way of meeting their fellow-creatures save through the columns of a weekly miscellany? If so, we can only say the more is the pity; because from the queer effusions in which they communicate their wants and wishes to the friendly editor they seem to be endowed by nature with qualities moral and physical which would make them ornaments to any society.

They must be a well-favoured race on the whole. The proportion of individuals who are "considered

handsome" apparently far exceeds that in any other section of the human family, and a person who is not at least "considered good-looking" is a rarity, while the "very handsome," "beautiful," and "charming," are as common as peas in season. "Fine," "graceful," and "symmetrical" figures are likewise abundant; and "golden hair" prevails among the female specimens to an extent which is very remarkable. Then as regards moral qualifications, that ancient family whose boast was that all its sons were brave and all its daughters virtuous is quite outdone. Here is a whole class, in which all the men are "good-tempered" and all the women "very loving"—though how the fair advertisers can speak with certainty on this point we do not know, seeing that what they all complain of is that they have nobody to love. They are very generally "accomplished" too—particularly the ladies—and of these nearly every one describes herself as "thoroughly domesticated,"—as if she were a cat.

The ladies, it may be observed, have the advantage in numbers in this tribe—the ratio being about three to one—and they also have decidedly the advantage as regards disinterestedness. Their entire freedom from mercenary motives is very pleasant to contemplate. They never put in any mean conditions regarding

money, like the cool but "handsome, highly intellectual, and moral" gentleman who is "desirous of marrying an amiable and sensible lady, possessed of from £3000 to £5000;" or the still cooler pair of gentlemen, both of them "good-looking," and one "short and stout," who "wish to correspond with two young ladies, who must be tall and beautiful, possessing large fortunes;" or the "clergyman of a small living in the Church of Scotland, who would like to marry a good Christian lady, between thirty and forty, with some money." On the contrary, all they desire is to be allowed to "correspond matrimonially with the gentlemen readers of your valuable journal." One stipulation, indeed, they do make—correspondents must be "tall and dark." One or two very particular ladies further insist upon "tall and *very* dark," and "tall, dark, and sincere." But except on these points they are not exacting: there is never the slightest hint of expecting a settlement; unless a faintly expressed wish for a sewing machine in one or two communications can be construed in that sense.

The gentlemen, on the other hand, frequently show a keenness after the main chance not altogether creditable to them. Here is a gushing thing of sweet seventeen, who in the guilelessness of that age, lets out the

fact that she is to have £4000 on her marriage. It is wonderful to see the fierce competition she excites in subsequent numbers, while advertisers with every virtue, charm, and accomplishment under the sun are in but "feeble demand," as the writer of a City article would say. Contrast this with the behaviour of the ladies in reference to "Don Pedro de Alcazar, a nobleman by birth, and possessed of an annual income of £8000," who wishes to be supplied with a "young lady of pleasing manners and respectable family." Superficial observers of life might imagine that such a "parti" would be eagerly sought after. But no: except in the case of one lady who coldly expresses a willingness to "correspond," not the slightest impression is made by the overtures of this opulent hidalgo. After this let no one make that statement, which the poet so properly deprecates, to the effect that "woman's love is bought."

And, as if to point the moral still more strongly, while rank and wealth are thus nobly spurned in the person of the haughty Spaniard, there is a vigorous contest going on in the same pages for the possession of another hand which, to quote the words of the ballad—

"He is a British sailor, for to judge him by his look."

"An old first officer says, in plain sailor fashion, that he is in want of a bride of moderate wishes, economical habits, and disposed to make the most of a fair competence;" and it is charming to see the way in which the women of England rally round that old first officer. The "jolly young waterman," with all his advantages of youth and animal spirits, was not a greater favourite with the fair sex. A. has "read with delight" the description he gave of himself. B. would be "glad to hear from him." C. "thinks she would suit him." D. "would be happy to hear further from him." E. asks for "a carte and address from 'An Old First Officer,' whom she flatters herself she would make a charming bride," and so on. If that ancient mariner is not now a happy man, the British sailor must have degenerated; must be harder to please, or less susceptible than he used to be in days of yore.

One thing to be noticed in all the transactions of this matrimonial exchange is, that "girls" or "young women" are in slight request, while "young ladies" are always very freely quoted. "A respectable working man" wishes to correspond with a "well-informed young lady." "A saddler and harness-maker" wants the same article, and so does a "comfortable tradesman." In the last case a young lady who is "a total abstainer" will have a pre-

ference, as advertiser himself does not drink. "Alice and Kate are two young ladies in search of comfortable partners. Kate would have no objection to a tailor." "John Bull offers for *the hand of a domestic servant* about twenty. One inclined to *embonpoint* preferred. *The lady* must have had a little education."

All this, when taken in connection with the company in which we find these advertisements, is highly significant. In four cases out of five the composition and sentiment show clearly the influence of the literature on which the writers are accustomed to regale themselves. One traces the tawdry style and brummagem gentility of the "tale of thrilling interest" in most of these communications.

The descriptions, for example, which the fair advertisers give of themselves are wonderfully like those of the heroines in their favourite stories, and from the desiderata they mention it seems as if they took their ideal of a husband from the same romantic source. Sometimes, like Don Quixote with his books of chivalry, they imitate as nearly as they can their very phrase. When E. G. "feels as if she had a wealth of love to bestow, and an aching void in her heart," we know very well where she got *that* formula for her feelings, and we may be pretty sure that Elinor would never have thought of describing herself as

"of the Grecian type of female beauty," but for the triumphs of some Lady Adeliza de Mowbray similarly qualified. Even when the language is of home manufacture, the character of the aspiration generally suggests a long course of sentimental reading. An openly expressed wish for a tailor may not sound romantic, but when it is added that he must be tall and dark, and wear a moustache, it, as Mr. Weller says, "werges upon the poetical;" and an aching void that can only be filled by "a handsome young officer, either in the army or navy," cannot be attributed to purely natural causes, or to the mere *sehnsucht nach der liebe*. In fact, genteel sentiment seems to have quite revolutionized the art of love-making among these people. No youth goes a-courting now. He "becomes a candidate for the affections of Lucretia Jane." They "keep company" no longer; they are "affianced," and "Sally in our alley" is as extinct as the dodo.

But this is not the worst. A poet of this century, in a lively lyric called "Umbrella courtship," has pointed out that the circumstances under which tender vows are exchanged are apt to have a curious physiological effect upon the issue of the union. But, if the mere fact that Darby and Joan originally plighted their troth during a shower was sufficient to make an umbrella mark on the

left arm hereditary in the family they founded, what must be the result of a courtship commenced under the shelter of one of the illustrated weeklies? "Alcibiades," in the grocery line, who advertises, and "Lonely Hyacinth," who responds, if not already confirmed tale readers, must of course get through a good deal of washy literature while the mutual explanations about hair and eyes are going on; and go to the altar with their heads full of rubbish. How is it possible, then, for the offspring of that marriage to escape being born with a "novel mark" of some sort somewhere? They must have a congenital taste for trash, and an unhealthy appetite for sickly or sensational fiction.

Can it be that we may already see around us signs of the effects of editorial match-making—that this is the true explanation of the popularity and influence of a school of fiction notoriously created by, and until late years confined to, that class of periodical which, for some occult reason, generally offers itself to the public in the society of sweetstuff and the lower forms of confectionery?

If so, the prospect is a gloomy one. There are at least half a dozen journals now doing a brisk matrimonial business; and it must be borne in mind that if this mode of promoting matrimony tends to produce

the readers, it can also produce, and has perhaps already produced, the writers. If the practice spreads we shall be hereafter described as the people of the "novel age," just as in our flippant way we now talk of the men of the stone and bronze ages; and the antiquarians of the future will read learned papers on that vast "fiction-midden," the British Museum.

THE END.

Caxton Printing Works, Beccles.

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